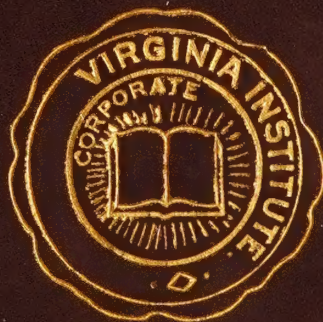
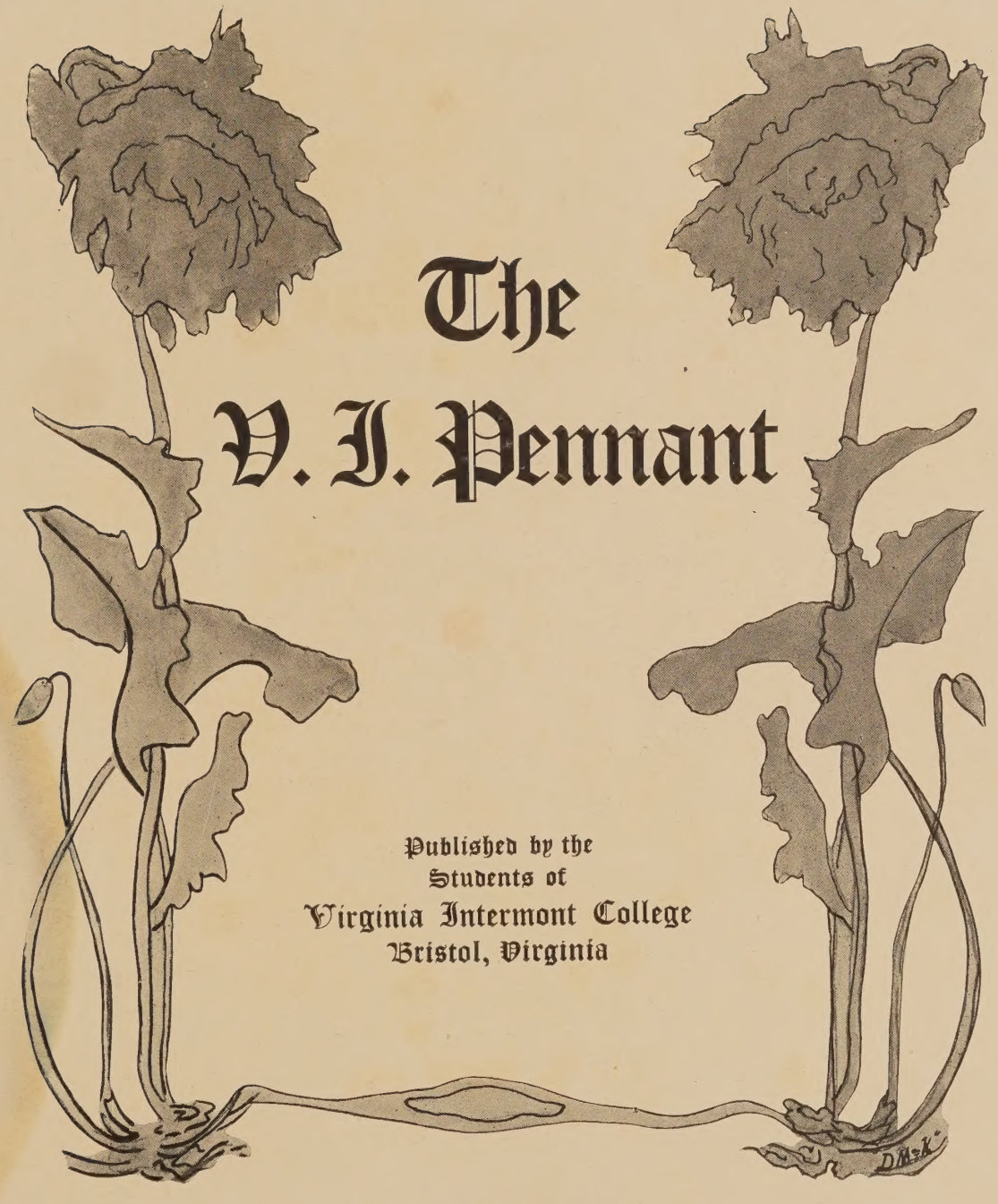


THE
PENNANT
1911





A decorative border made of two stylized flowers, possibly peonies, with large, ruffled petals and long, slender leaves. The flowers are positioned at the top left and top right, with their stems and leaves extending downwards and outwards to frame the central text. The leaves have a wavy, undulating edge.

The V. I. Pennant

Published by the
Students of
Virginia Intermont College
Bristol, Virginia

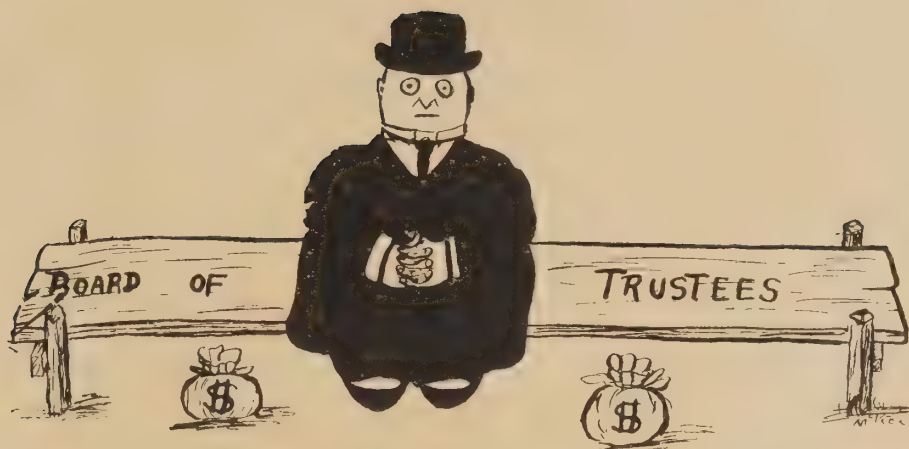
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To

Miss Marion Elizabeth Spigener

the students' friend, this volume is
lovingly dedicated.





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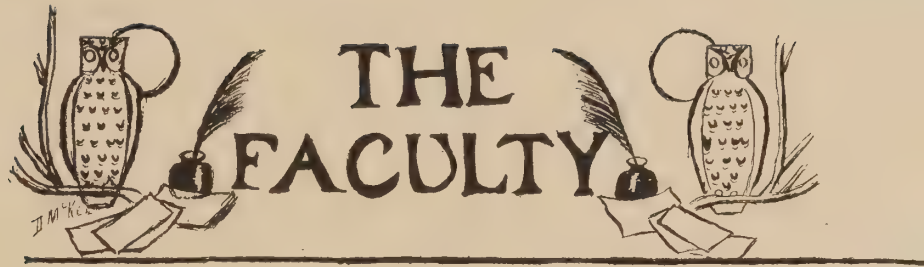
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B. A. and M. A. Graduate

*"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds were in her
very look;*

*We read her face as one who reads a true and holy
book."*

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M. A. Graduate

*"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial brow,
Her cheeks all purple with the beam of youth."*

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President, Senior Class, '10-'11.
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KATIE SUE MORRIS, B. A., Morristown, Tennessee

M. A. Graduate

*"As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed ethereal as
the sky;
And like a brook, her low voice,
A sound which could not die."*

President, Class, '05-'06.
President, E. L. S., '05-'06.
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President, Tennessee Club, '10-'11.
Secretary, Glee Club, '10-'11.
Alumniæ Editor, PENNANT, '10-'11.



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B. A. and Art Graduate

*"A daughter of the gods divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."*

Artist, Sophomore Class, '08.
 Secretary, Art Club, '08.
 Monitor, H. L. S., '08.
 Artist, Junior Class, '09.
 Artist, Virginia Club, '09.
 President, Art Club, '10.
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 President, H. L. S., '11.
 Critic, H. L. S., '11.
 President, Virginia Club, '11.
 Art Editor, PENNANT, '11.
 Salutatorian, '11.



MABEL DOAK MORRIS, Morristown, Tennessee

B. A., and Voice Graduate

*"God sent his singers upon the earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth;
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again."*

Vice-President, Art Club, '08-09.
Vice-President, Junior Class, '08-'09.
Librarian, E. L. S., '08-'09.
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President, E. L. S., '10-'11.



RUBY LEE ROBINSON, Chattanooga, Tennessee

B. A. and Piano Graduate

*"There's not a joy in all the world
You will not find within her."*

Librarian, E. L. S., '10-'11.
Vice-President, E. L. S., '09-'10.
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Vice-President, Tennessee Club, '11.
Assistant Business Manager, PENNANT, '11.



MARGIE SHUMATE, Pearisburg, Virginia

B. A. and Piano Graduate

*"We never heard her speak in haste,
Her tones were ever sweet,
And modulated just so much
As it was meet."*

Secretary, Freshman Class, '07-'08.
Treasurer, H. L. S., '08-'09.
Vice-President, Sophomore Class, '08-'09.
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Vice-President, Senior Class, '10-'11.
Associate Editor of PENNANT, '10-'11.
Valedictorian, '11.



CORINNE PUTNAM, Graycourt, South Carolina

English Graduate

*"No duty could o'er take her,
No need her will outrun;
Or e'er when lips could ask her,
Her hands the work has done."*

Treasurer, Stragglers' Club, '08-'09'
Corresponding Secretary, H. L. S., '08-'09.
Secretary, Sophomore Class, '08-'09.
Mogul, Phi Sigma Gamma, '10-'11.
Corresponding Secretary, H. L. S., '10-'11.



ANNIE MERLLE BARBER, Jackson, Mississippi

Piano Graduate

*"Whose hand is like a sweet voice to control
Those tired brows it hath the keeping of."*

Vice-President, Special Class, '09-'10.
Secretary and Treasurer, Art Club, '09-'10.
Treasurer, E. L. S., '10.
President, Sweater Club, '09-'10.
Vice-President, Mississippi Club, '10-'11.
Treasurer, E. L. S., '11.
Business Manager of PENNANT, '10-'11.



LOIS DAVIS, Memphis, Tennessee

Expression Graduate

*"There be none of Beauty's daughters,
With a magic like thee,
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me."*

Treasurer, Curry Club, '09-'10.
President, D. L. D. Club, '09-'10.
Captain, Sophomore Basket Ball Team, '09-'10.
Treasurer, Tennessee Club, '09-'10.
Treasurer, Athletic Association, '08-'09.
Secretary, Tennessee Club, '08-'09.
Captain, Senior Basket Ball Team, '10-'11.
Advertising Editor of PENNANT, '10-'11.
Vice-President, E. L. S., '10-'11.
President, Curry Club, '10-'11.



LULINE AMELIA FORTUNE, Texarkana, Ark.-Texas

Voice Graduate

*"At every close she made the attending throng,
Replied and bore the burden of the song;
So pure, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seemed the music melted in her throat."*

Historian, Sophomore Class, '09-'10.
Corresponding Secretary, E. L. S., '09-'10.
Treasurer, Athletic Association, '09-'10.
President, German Club, '09-'10.
Corresponding Secretary, E. L. S., '10-'11.
Treasurer, Athletic Association, '10-'11.
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President, Straggler's Club, '10-'11.
Expression Editor of PENNANT, '10-'11.



LILIAN HENSLEY, Pocahontas, Va.

Piano Graduate

*"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."*

Corresponding Secretary, H. L. S., '09.
Recording Secretary, H. L. S., '10-'11.



ANNIE LEE WHITE, White Pine, Tennessee

Piano and Voice Graduate

*"And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent;
The smiles that miss, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent."*

Secretary, Certificate Class, '09-'10.
Vice-President, Tennessee Club, '09-'10.
Secretary, Special Class, '09-'10.
Secretary and Treasurer, Tennessee Club, '10-'11.
Critic, E. L. S., '10.
Vice-President, E. L. S., '10-'11.
President, E. L. S., '11.
Music Editor of PENNANT, '11.

Alma Mater



COME let us sing and offer praise,
To her we know and love so well;
How gladly we our voices raise,
And of her wonderous goodness tell!
She guides and helps us on our way
To truer, nobler goals, we say;
Our tribute we will give today,
To our dear Alma Mater.

Her justice, strength, and truth we hail;
Her learning, honor, worth unknown;
And wisdom's light that cannot fail;
The tender care that she hath shown.
We love her for she's made us see
The path of right and loyalty.
Oh, faithful may her daughters be
To their dear Alma Mater.

From out her ancient, stately walls,
Where breath the truest, noblest, best,
Her spirit wanders forth and calls
Her daughters back to peace and rest;
And from their loving hearts shall rise,
To bless their mother fair and wise,
A gratitude that never dies
For their dear Alma Mater.

Oh, we to her our homage bring,
And honor her with joyful lay;
Oh, may throughout the ages ring,
The praise we offer her today!
We'll guard with zeal the lasting fame,
And ever, ever, praise the name,
From whence our inspiration came,
Our own dear Alma Mater!

Ivy Song



TODAY we plant this ivy here,
Upon our Alma Mater dear.
Oh, class of eleven ever raise
Your voice the school you love to praise.
Oh, ivy, as you higher grow
Upon the walls we reverence so,
May we nearer to our school's ideal,
Push on alway and make our best dreams real.

Oh, may our hearts be ever true,
Our Alma Mater dear, to you;
And like the ivy's tendrils cling
Our hearts to you to whom we sing.
Oh, may our love and loyalty
Like thy fresh foilage ever be;
Farewell, Farewell, our school of memories dear
We'll sing thy praises ever far and near.

Eighty Buckets of Blood



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

LILLIAN HENSLEY	PEARL NELSON	MATTIE JOHNSON
BILL JONES, <i>disguised as</i> MISS WILLIE RIGGS	GLADYS POWELL	SUSIE LITZ
JENICE MCAFEE	MARGARET PUCKETT	MARGARET SCHWATKA
RUBY ROBINSON	HELEN MCGHEE	EVELYN LYLE
DENTON MCKEE	MARY REED COVINGTON	MRS. MURRELL
	MRS. ZIEGLER	



ACT I

SCENE 1—*Jenice McAfee's Room.*

(*Denton, Margaret Puckett, Pearl, Gladys, Jenice, Mary Reed, Helen, Ruby, and Evelyn seated around table making the table walk. Mattie and Susie seated on bed embracing.*)

Jenice. Aw, I say, girls, let's quit making this table walk. If there is any spirit in the thing, I believe that it is an evil one, and I don't want to have anything more to do with it.

Margaret. All right, let's stop, I'm tired.

Pearl. Suppose we tell tales.

Margaret. No, that's too much trouble. Let's rest.

Denton. Aren't you glad it's Saturday night?

Margaret. Yes, we surely are, for we don't have to study. We had six pages of French today and I couldn't read a word.

Ruby (sighing deeply.) Oh, girls, don't talk! I don't see what is to become of me. I have more than I can possibly do. Why, today I went to two of my classes without having time even to open the books. Dear me, I believe that I shall go crazy.

Jenice. By the way, girls, did you ever see anything like that Miss Willie Riggs, the new day pupil? My, doesn't she look funny?

Helen. I haven't seen her. Do tell us about her.

M. Reed. Yes, do.

Margaret (yawning). I'm so tired.

Pearl. I saw her this morning and she surely is a sight to behold. Tell them about her, Jenice.

Jenice. Well, girls, she is a sight to behold. She is rather tall and about thirty-six inches in circumference and twenty-five inches in diameter. Her face looks like a full moon, and her figure—why, she has no figure. She is like a barrel and her clothes do fit so funny.

Ha, ha, and her hair—she has really pretty little kinky curls. She must have had the fever lately. Such huge hands and feet, I never saw on any girl!

Pearl. And did you ever hear such a squeaky voice?

Jenice. Ha, ha, she surely has a voice for you. Wonder if she can sing? One would think that she was a foreigner to hear her talk. Instead of saying that her name is Willie Riggs, she says (*imitating Miss Riggs*) Weelie Reegs. And you just ought to see how she walks. She goes this way (*walking across the room with long strides*). Wonder where she was brought up?

Gladys. O, girls, I bet she is a phenomenon.

Denton. She is evidently something of the kind. And did you ever notice how exclusive she is? She is awfully distant with everybody except Lillian Hensley. She and Lillian seem to be quite chummy. I tried to get acquainted with her, but she was quite cool to me and I decided to leave her alone.

M. Reed. It seems strange that such an impulsive, open-hearted girl as Lillian should crush on such an exclusive girl.

Helen. I think that she must be a most interesting person. I'm crazy to see her.

Gladys. I do wish we had some nourishment.

Jenice. O, yes, let's do get some nourishment.

Margaret. I need some badly enough. I am just ready to fall over from weariness—by the way, I have some cinnamon rolls in my room, if somebody will go get them. I'm tired myself.

Denton. I'll go. (*Exit*).

Ruby. To return to the original subject, I think that Lillian seems to be better satisfied since she has formed this new acquaintance. Lillian has a sad face, anyway. O, this is a sad world. How on earth do you girls live through it? My work just keeps piling up on me and I just don't see how I am to pull through this spring.

(*Denton enters with rolls and passes them around. The girls begin to eat.*)

Pearl. Yes, Lil does look down-cast. Poor child, I feel sorry for her.

Helen. Why, what is the matter with her?

Pearl. Well, you know, Lil was desperately in love with a young man and they had planned to marry, but her aunt interrupted their plans and sent Lillian here and put her under strict rules to keep her from marrying. The whole faculty watch her closely and Lil told me the other day that she felt as if she were in a prison. When her aunt sent her here, her lover attempted suicide, but the doctors saved him. Perhaps he has gone mad by this time.

M. Reed. Well, I think that's a shame. She is certainly old enough to marry, isn't she? Why doesn't her aunt want her to marry?

Pearl. Why, of course, Lil is old enough to marry, but her aunt is single and I suppose she thinks that everyone else ought to be.

Ruby (sighing deeply). Poor child.

Margaret. That is awful, but Lillian has only two studies and it seems to me that she ought to be happy to some extent anyway.

Gladys. O, girls, let's have a feast in here Monday night.

M. Reed. Good, that will be fine.

All. The very thing.

Mattie. There's the room-bell. That means for us to go. (*All rise and start out of the door.*)

Ruby. Remember, Monday night.

(*Curtain*)

ACT II

SCENE 1.—*Students' Parlor*

(*Lillian Hensley and Miss Willie Riggs*).

Miss Riggs. Well, Lil, they sent you here to keep you separated from me, but here I am with you. Although love is blind, it will find a way out of difficulties.

Lillian. O, Bill Jones, I am so happy that you are here. How did you manage it? I think that you are the most clever person I ever saw.

Miss Riggs. Well, I did have a time with my wardrobe. I didn't know that girls had to have so many things. Why, by the time I had finished my shopping expedition, I thought that my short stubby hair would all come out, or at least would turn gray. But I have some lovely curly locks now (*pointing to the wig*) which might be envied by any girl. And I have a trunk full of clothes in my room that is sufficient for an actress. I have a list of articles which I must put on every morning pinned upon my dresser so that I may not forget some of the essentials. Besides the wig and my shirt-waists and skirt, there must be bows on my slippers and bows on my hair. Then a long lace jabot must be pinned with a brooch on my Dutch collar. I must have rings, bracelets, barettes and numberless other things before I am complete. My, how do you girls get anything done besides dressing—but I hear some of the girls coming (*enter Jenice, Ruby, Denton, Pearl, Gladys, Margaret P., Helen, Mary Reed, Susie and Mattie*).

Several Girls. Good morning, Miss Riggs.

Miss Riggs (in squeaky voice). Good morning.

Pearl. Hello Lil, what are you doing this morning?

Margaret. She seems to be resting. Aren't you girls glad that we are excused from gym today? I wish that Miss Spigener would have a reception every day.

Pearl. Don't you though?

M. Reed (turning to Miss Riggs). Miss Riggs, how do you like V. I.?

Miss Riggs (after some stammering). O, very much, thank you.

Helen. I am sure that you will like it even better after you get acquainted with everybody.

Lillian. Gee, she's crazy about it now.

Jenice. Miss Riggs, you have such lovely curly hair.

Miss Riggs. Thank you. (*Aside*). If she could only see my real bristles!

Jenice. But really, Miss Riggs, I believe that it would be more becoming if you would wear a rat. Did you ever try one?

Miss Riggs (stammering and blushing). No, I don't believe I ever did?

Jenice. Come up to my room sometime and I'll help you arrange your hair.

Miss Riggs. Thank you, I will go sometime—(*aside*)—maybe I will, but I doubt it.

Jenice. By the way, some of you girls give me a pin to fasten Miss Riggs' waist behind.

Lillian. Let me do it.

Jenice. Aw, go away, I'll fix it (*gets a pin from Helen and tries to fasten Miss Riggs' waist*). My, it's too tight, isn't it? If you would let out one of these tucks, it would meet.

Miss Riggs. It fit when it was new, but it has drawn up in washing.

Jenice. And your collar is all crooked—(*aside*)—strange she's so careless about her dress—let me straighten it for you.

Lillian (to Jenice). It's because she's so smart. Very intelligent people are often rather careless about their appearance.

Jenice. O, Miss Riggs, we are going to have a feast in my room tonight. Do come and join us. We will have a great time.

Lillian. Yes, Willie, do come. That will be lots of fun.

Miss Riggs (looking at Lillian doubtfully). Why, yes, I shall be delighted (*seeing that Lillian approves*) I shall certainly be there girls. It is good of you to ask me.

Lillian. Come, Willie, let's walk on the campus. (*Exeunt Miss Riggs and Lillian.*)

(*Curtain*)

SCENE 2.—*On Campus.*

(*Lillian and Miss Riggs walking arm in arm.*)

Lillian. You had better keep a little more shy of these girls. They might catch on.

Miss Riggs (squeezing her hand). Yes, that is so, and I will be more careful. I fear that my disguise may be discovered and that I again may be separated from you. It would certainly mean death to me this time. Lillian, you are the load-star of my life, the mountain of all my hopes, the paramount of all my activities, the suspiration of my existence. Your loveliness of feature cannot be compared with that of Jupiter, the Goddess of Beauty. The spring zephyrs play over your peach-blown cheeks, as do the smiles over your rubicon lips.

“As sure as the vine grows 'round the stump,
You are my darling sugar lump.”

Your eyes are as the stars that gleam through the firmament.

“Twinkle, twinkle, little stars,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above her nose so high,
Like the diamonds in the sky.”

(*Margaret Schwatka walks across the stage. Miss Riggs stops talking and stares at Margaret*)—(*Aside*). What a pretty girl. (*Silence for a moment*). *Lillian notices his glances toward Margaret*).

Lillian. Bill, do you love me as much as you used to love me?

Miss Riggs. Yes, Lil, I surely do, but I must breathe a moment (*breathing hard*). Your raven tresses flowing over your shapely head are like the rivulet which flows through the meadows.

“And out again they curve and flow,
From neath their ribbon ever;
For rats may come, and rats may go,
But *she* will wear one never.”

Lillian. O, Bill, you are just too cute, but I hear the lunch bell. I must go. Don't forget the feast tonight. (*Exit*).

(*Curtain*).

ACT III

SCENE 1.—*Jenice McAfee's Room.*

(*Same group of girls as in Act 1, and Lillian and Miss Riggs and Margaret Schwatka, Mary Reed, Helen, cutting lemons into a wash bowl. Gladys stirring chafin dish. Margaret Puckett seated on bed eating and resting. Jenice preparing to cut the cake.*)

Mary Reed. Denton, hand me the sugar.

Denton. Where is it?

M. Reed. In that large talcum powder can under the table.

Jenice. (*Aside*). I wonder how old Miss Riggs is. (*To Miss Riggs*), Miss Riggs, what is the date of your birth?

Miss Riggs (*unabashed*). I was born before dates were invented, just a year after ladies ceased to ask such impertinent questions.

All. Ha, ha, pretty good.

Pearl. Miss Riggs, you musn't pay any attention to Jenice's questions and remarks.

Jenice. Aw, where can that shoe-horn be? Helen, did you bring it? How can I cut this cake without that shoe-horn?

Helen. Yes, I brought it. (*All scramble around hunting for shoe-horn*).

Ruby. Here it is. If I had my Woodbridge down here I could get my English lesson for tomorrow while this stuff is boiling, I —

Jenice. Why, what on earth are you doing? You are not boiling the lemonade, are you?

Ruby (*crossly*). O, I mean while the sugar is dissolving. I haven't any sense anyway. I don't know a thing for tomorrow and I surely will have a time.

Jenice. Lillian, it seems to me that your complexion is much better since you have been using Stilman's freckle-cream. Aren't you glad I recommended it to you?

Miss Riggs (*aside*). Well, I declare.

Margaret P. By the way, Lil, I am going to get some rouge and pay back that which I borrowed from you. What kind was it? I want some like it. Its fine.

Miss Riggs (*aside*). Well, upon my word! and is that where that peach-bloom complexion comes from?

Lillian (*blushing and stammering*). O, I don't remember. (*Aside*). O, I must change the subject—what can I say—rouge—red. O what does red suggest? Blood, wars. (*To girls*)—Do you know about the Indian war?

All. Indian war? Where? Was anybody killed? Tell us about it. We haven't heard a word.

Lillian. O, be quiet. I was only thinking of my history lesson for tomorrow. We have the Indian war of 1864 in our lesson.

Jenice. Well, is that all!

Mattie. Well, I do say!

Mary Reed. To return to the rouge, Margaret, I can tell you a good kind and that is Dr. Parker Pra's Rosaline. You can use that kind and nobody can tell that you have it on your face. It makes your complexion look like ripe peaches.

Margaret P. O, I believe that is the kind I got from Lillian.

Denton. Margaret, did you bring those soap dishes to pass the cake on?

Margaret P. No, I forgot them.

Denton. Well, go get them.

Margaret P. O, I am so tired, I just can't go Mattie, if you will get them, I'll treat you next time I go to town.

Mattie (*crossly*). O, go yourself, I reckon I'm tired too.

Lillian. I'll go for them. (*Exit*).

Miss Riggs. Don't you girls ever get caught in these feasts?

Ruby. Well, not very often, but there is certainly something doing when we are caught, I'm almost ashamed of myself for being here when I have so much to do, but I can't learn anything anyway. I wish I had some sense. I am just worried to death about my work.

(*Enter Lillian with soap dishes. Jenice puts slices of cake on them*).

Jenice. By the way, have you seen Edith Burnett's new switch? It surely is a big one, but it is not very good material.

Denton. I think that switches are awfully nice anyway. Lil, you couldn't fix your two strands of hair without your's could you—

Lillian (*aside*). (O, drat them! Have they started on me again)? I surely am a sight without mine. I am glad that Edith has gotten one for she needed one so much.

Miss Riggs (*aside*). Well, I do say! Who would have thought it? I bet that Margaret Schwatka doesn't wear a switch.

Gladys. Talking about switches and hair, I think that most boys would look so much better if they did not cut their hair so short. I'm glad that girls can have long hair. They look so much prettier.

Jenice. Isn't that the truth! Some boys' hair lies right flat down and looks like a peeled onion. Others have hair that stands on end and looks like a briar patch. Lillian, do you remember how you used to say that Bill Jones' stubby hair looked like porcupine quills?

Lillian (*aside*). Heavens, what is coming next—(*stammering*)—O, that was along time ago.

Miss Riggs (*aside*). O, it was a long time ago, was it? Well, my hair hasn't changed much yet.

Gladys. The candy is done.

Helen. And the lemonade is ready.

Margaret. O, let's begin the feast now.

Jenice. I think that you have been feasting all the time. I bet there isn't enough left to go around. O, my goodness! (*a knock on the door*) we are gone! (*A wild scramble to get things concealed, girls conceal themselves behind screen, under bed, behind curtain, except Jenice and Evelyn, who seize their books and begin studying. A louder knock*).

Jenice. Come in. (*Evelyn goes and unlocks the door. Enter Mrs. Murrell, Jenice rocking and studying aloud*). Plato wrote Merchant of Venice in 1492—1492—Merchant of Venice in 1492—Plato wrote Merchant of Venice in 1492—1492.

Mrs. Murrell. Girls, what are you doing in here?

Jenice. I'm trying to learn this history and goodness knows its hard enough—Plato wrote—

Mrs. Murrell. Isn't Margaret Puckett in here?

Jenice. Why, isn't she in her room? (*Screen topples*).

M. Reed (*behind screen*). Ruby, do draw in your elbow, Mrs. Murrell will see it.

Ruby (*behind screen*). O, I haven't an inch of room.

Mrs. Murrell (*looking at shaking screen*). Jenice, tell me the truth, aren't some of the girls in here? What a litter on the floor!

Jenice. Why, really, Mrs. Murrell, I don't see any of the girls. Evelyn and I were studying and that must have been what you heard. (*Screen falls and M. Reed, Helen, Ruby and*

Denton discovered in heap. Wash bowl and chafing dish seen. Mrs. Murrell pulls Pearl, Susie, Mattie, Gladys and Margaret P. from behind curtain).

Mrs. Murrell. Girls, go to your rooms at once. You will all be taken off the honor roll for six weeks. (*Exeunt all except Miss Riggs and Margaret Schwatka who get out from under the bed as others go out*).

Margaret. Well! good for us! We have escaped.

Miss Riggs. This has been such a splendid lark. I have enjoyed it immensely. By the way, Miss Schwatka, won't you walk with me tomorrow afternoon?

Margaret. I should be delighted and every afternoon this week if you wish me to do so.

Miss Riggs. There is nothing I should enjoy so much—suppose we go and see what has become of the girls. (*Exeunt*).

(*Curtain*).

ACT IV

SCENE 1.—*A Week Later.*

(*Lillian's Room. Lillian in Tears*).

Lillian. Bill has walked with Margaret Schwatka every afternoon this week. I just know that he has told her that he is a boy and has made love to her! O, Bill, was this your love for me? How could you leave me after all that you have said to me? O, those horrid girls! It is all their fault. How could they have treated me that way! It seems as if they had conspired together to talk about me and my clothes and things. They have ruined me! O, I can't stand this (*tears her hair and rushes frantically around the room*). O heart, break! Let's see, what was it that King Lear said? O, yes (*putting her hand on her side*), O, sides, you are two tough! O, why did I ever let him come to that horrid feast! O, I have lost Bill, I can't live without him! (*Knocking on door, Lillian calms herself*). Come in. (*Enter Mrs. Zeigler*).

Mrs. Zeigler (*looking around room*). Lillian, you haven't swept very well this morning.

Lillian (*aside*). I haven't swept at all.

Mrs. Zeigler. And there is your rat hanging up. You would look better with it on, but if you don't wish to wear it, put it in your drawer and don't leave it out that way. (*Looking at Lillian*). Why, what is the matter, Lillian? Are you sick? There are dark circles under your eyes and you are pale. I have noticed that you eat very little lately. Let me see your tongue—ah, you need some medicine. Wait, I will bring you something.

Lillian. Mrs. Zeigler, I am perfectly well, please don't give me anything.

Mrs. Zeigler. Yes, you need some medicine. (*Exit*).

Lillian. Why can't people leave me alone? (*Reenter Mrs. Zeigler*).

Mrs. Zeigler. Here, now take two of these large tablets every hour until they are all gone and then come to my room and I will give you something else; (*gives the box of medicine*) and don't eat anything today except toast and hot water. I shall have to look after you. I fear that you are working too hard. (*Exit*).

Lillian (*angrily*). Not eat anything but toast and hot water! Goodness knows I don't want anything to eat, but I should like to have the privilege of eating if I did want to. Take

two of these huge tablets every hour! Never! (*Throws them in waste-basket*). O, I shall go crazy! I cannot endure this misery. What shall I do? Would that death would come! Death! Ah, there is relief! I shall have to die some time anyway and why not end my miserable existence at once! I will do it. But I shall write a line to Bill before I die. Perhaps he will at least pity me in death. (*Sits down and writes*). I shall leave this on the table. Now, how shall I take my life? I can hang myself with my trunk rope to the pipe which runs along the ceiling. (*Looks for rope*). Alas! someone has borrowed my trunk rope. O, I know, Luline Fortune has some rat poison—she has gone to town. I shall go straight to her room and get it—and (*dramatically*) take it! (*Exit*).

(*Reenter Lillian, carrying a huge bottle of rat-poison*). I have it. It seems a dreadful thing to take one's own life—but why live? Good-bye, Bill, I loved you in life, I will love you in death. (*Takes poison and drops dead*).

(*Enter Miss Riggs*). Miss R. Lillian, where are you? I wonder where she can be? (*Sees Lillian on floor*). O, what's up? (*Touches her*). Can it be possible! It is true. Lillian is dead! O Lillian, how did this happen? Merciful heavens! (*Sees bottle of poison*). She has taken her life! (*Sees note on table and takes it up and reads*). "If you had not so cruelly deserted me, Bill, and given your love to Margaret, I might now be living in the sunlight of nature." O horrors! dreadful! terrible! Dear girl, I always loved her, I never loved Margaret. You have given your life for me—you are a martyr; you are a heroine. What was Joan of Arc compared to this?

"I love you Lil, indeed I do,
Love you loved Bill, so warm and true."

Ye Gods, what can I do? Lil, I will die for you. I cannot live without you. Where shall I find a weapon with which to take my life? She has drunk to the dregs the contents of that small vial! (*pointing to huge bottle of rat-poison, rushes around room and seizes finger-nail file from table. Holds it at arm's length*). Give me the dagger!

"Ah mighty weapon, take thou my life;
Such is man's fate when bereft of wife."

(*Thrusting the file into his heart*). All for love of you, Lil (*dies and wig falls off*).

(*Enter Mattie and Susie talking volubly. Mattie sees dead bodies and faints in Susie's arms*).

Susie. What on earth is the matter, Mattie? (*sees bodies and faints also. She and Mattie fall in heap, Mattie revives*).

Mattie. O, Help, Murder! Fire! Help! Help!

(*Enter in haste Mrs. Z. and crowd of girls*).

Mrs. Z. Girls, girls, what does this mean?

Mattie (*pointing to dead bodies*). O, look, look!

Pearl. Lillian Hensley.

Jenice. Miss Riggs.

M. Reed (*looking at Miss Riggs*). Miss Riggs has short hair!

Margaret Schwatka. Heavens, its Bill Jones!

Helen. O what a tragedy.

Denton. Poor Lil, poor Lil.

M. Reed. O, the horror of it!

Margaret Puckett. But then, I bet we will get a holiday tommorrow.

MARGIE SHUMATE.

Class 1912



Juniors

FLOWER
American Beauty Rose

COLORS
Crimson and Gray

MOTTO
"Add to virtue knowledge"

OFFICERS

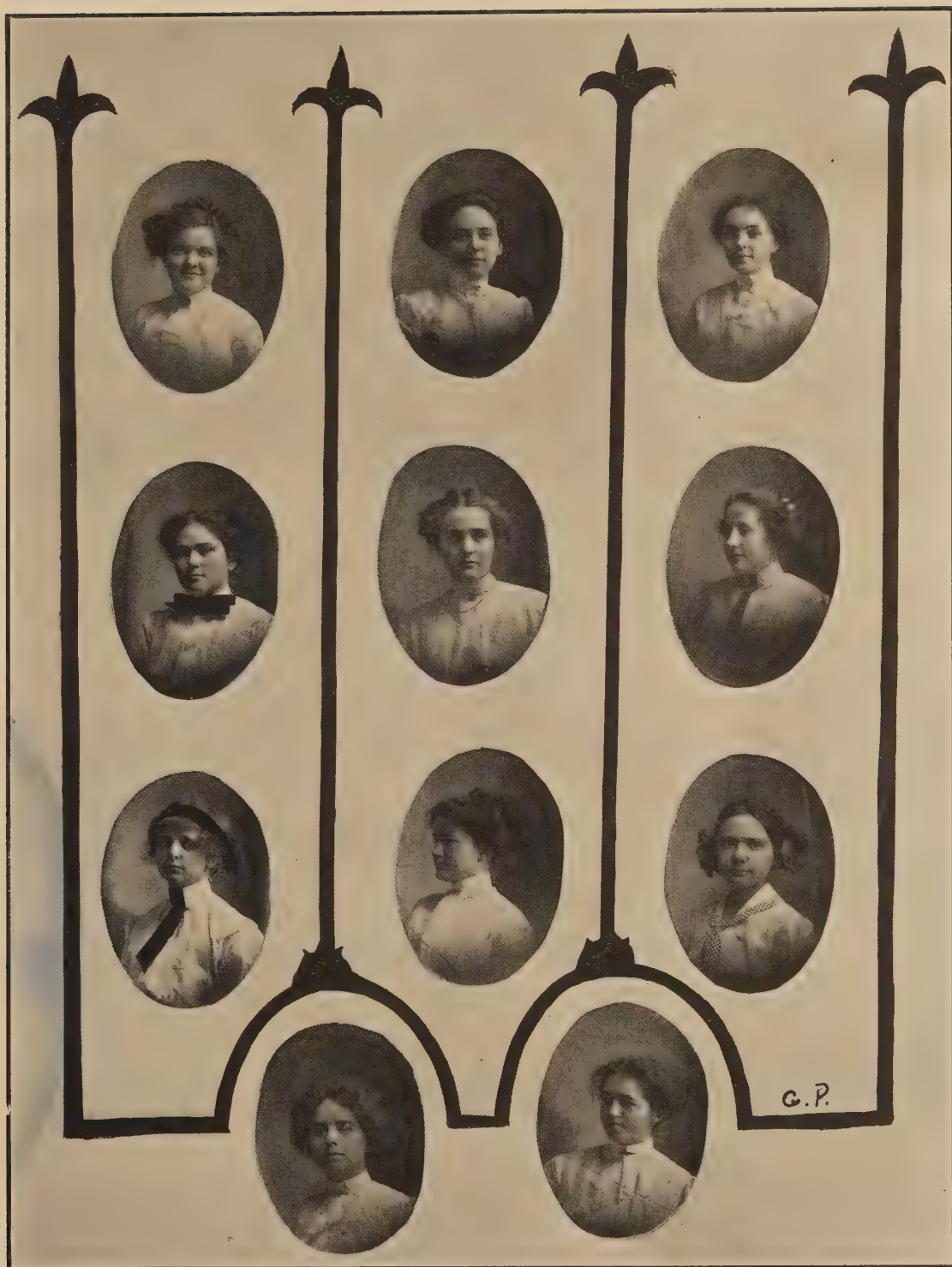
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LILLIAN GOSE





Writing An Article for the Junior Magazine



What shall I write for the Junior Magazine? Just an hour and a half to do it in, too! Dear me! How I'll have to hurry! *She* told me to make some verses, but my muse refuses to provide a subject. Browning wrote something once about *A Face*. How would that do for me?—

Your face is like a bright spring morn,—morn, corn, horn, lorn—
Framed in by hair like yellow corn.

Now that won't do, for spring morns can't be framed! I don't believe I like that subject anyway. Oh, I have it! I'm just in the mood to write about despair—

Despair, despair! thy long black hair
Doth cover me like—

Like what? Pair, rare, stare, where—any of those would do for the rhyme, but what about the other part? If I had a little time I might write something, but when I have to study six lessons and also write a poem in two hours, it's really beyond me. I think I'll try some other subject. How would hope do?

Hope, hope, come down!
Circle me round.

That sounds fine at first, but somehow I don't like it after I think about it—talking about the work I have to do reminds me that I must rewrite that theme I had the other day. Just think of all the convolutions which the work on that paper made in my brain! Think how beautifully I copied all the ten pages of it, and now! What I thought would be a thing of beauty and a joy forever is so besplattered and smeared with red ink that it resembles a blood-stained ensign which has been through the French Revolution. Oh my! Look at that clock! Fifteen minutes gone already, and here I am without even a subject.

Well, I can't write any poetry, that's one thing certain. I am just going to write an essay. I wish I had those subjects *she* gave us the other day. Where is that list? Somebody must have borrowed it. Anyway, I can't find it, but I remember one or two of the topics. One was "School Days As An Opportunity." I don't think I could do much with that, for there isn't enough to say on it. Oh my goodness! there's the twelve-thirty bell. Study hour is over and a whole half an hour is gone with nothing done. I do hope nobody will come in. If anyone should, it would mean my Waterloo. There comes somebody down the hall now. It will be just my luck for her to be bound for my room. She is. I'd like to smack her!

Come! Oh, Pauline, you're the very person I wanted to see. What are you going to wear tonight? . . . Well, don't you know I haven't a thing to wear. My new dress should have come today, but it hasn't, and I'm just simply frantic! Oh, but Pauline, *have* you written your magazine article? Oh, I know it's cute. . . . Yes, it is too; I know it is. Everything you write is cute. Mine is going to be the biggest mess that ever was. . . . Let you see it! Why I haven't even decided on my subject yet. Tell me something to write about. . . . (I do wish she'd go. She's been here twenty-five minutes). Pauline, don't go! No, I don't have to write it either. I do wish you wouldn't go, Pauline. Well, come back.

Thank goodness she's gone! I know Pauline Herrick can out-talk any girl I ever saw. Isn't that just like her to come grinning in here when I have just one hour to write my magazine article, and haven't even decided on my subject?

Well, I wish I had my hands on whoever that is screeching out in the conservatory! Why in the world do people persist in practicing on Monday? Is it really one o'clock? Oh, what shall I do? I can't think of a thing. What a hail of reproaches will come down upon my poor head, but I can't help it! I wish I hadn't ever been born, or I wish I'd been born with genius. Oh dear! I must hurry! I'll write a love story. They're easy.

Five minutes gone, but my outline's made: "It was a dark and chilly July night. The moon shone brightly"—Oh, I forgot, it's dark. Let's see. "It was a dark and chilly July night." That's not especially good, but a bad beginning makes a good ending. "It was a dark and chilly July night, and inside the farmhouse beside the fireplace sat a handsome man and a pretty girl. He was saying 'Helen, my dear—' ". Oh, I don't know anything for him to say. Fifteen minutes gone! I must hurry. What can he say?

"Helen, my dear, is not your father well?" That'll do.

"No, John, he is not," the girl replied.

"I am so sorry," answered the man, "but, Helen,—" he stopped, too overcome to say more.

"Yes, John," she said, her soft voice thrilling with emotion.

"Helen, you know how much—" again he stopped.

"Yes, John."

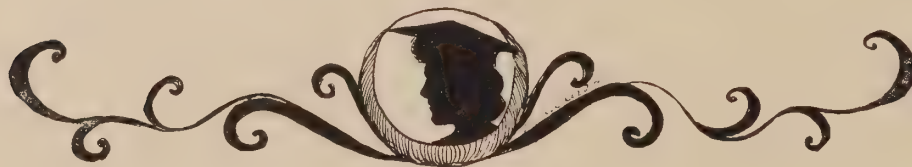
Oh, just five minutes more! I can't do it! What will *she* say to me? I wish I was dead!

"Helen, you know"—

She raised her big, soft, melting, wonderful brown eyes to his and answered, "Yes, John"—

There's the bell! Well, I can only go to meet my fate "with an unmoved countenance," like Joan of Arc in the history. Or was it St. Agnes? I don't know. But I've done my best. Angels can do no more and if I perish, I *perish*!

ROSA ALTIZER.



The Dissection of a Girl's Mind



A VERY critical analysis was to be made that morning, therefore the two surgeons talked in low, serious tones as they stood in the dissecting room, preparing the sharp-edged instruments to be used in this wonderful undertaking. Indeed, this dissection was to be a most delicate one, requiring the greatest skill and care. For their own pleasure, as well as benefit, these physicians were about to dissect the mind of a girl to see what it might contain. Possibly a vacuum would be found, or, perhaps, the space supposed to be occupied by the brain would be filled with air.

The victim having been brought in and laid on the table, the task was begun. Surely but deftly the keen blade pierced the outer surface of the brain. With steady hands the surgeons clamped back the thin bits of covering and looked to see what they had found. A tiny cell was revealed, containing many odd-looking objects. Here was something which resembled a wisp of silked hair, while next to it was a tiny piece of some velvety material much like a girl's complexion. A tiny little red bow proved to be two red lips, and in a dark corner, two shining stars, developed into two wondrous eyes. For some time the workers pondered over the meaning of all this, but at last one of them said, "Ah! I have it. This is the beauty cell—*cella pulcritudonis*—and these are the girl's visions of a beautiful face."

At the farther end of this cell, they found a circular hole opening into a narrow passage-way. This, upon being probed, was found to lead into another cell closely resembling the first. The form of the two cells was the same and the walls of each had the same membranous covering. The sides of the second were pierced by very small hooks on which were hung all kinds of filmy materials in every imaginable shade. Scattered around were many minute atoms which the surgeons, after inspecting closely, found to be gloves, hats, shoes, ribbons, bows, and laces. Again the workers were perplexed at this charming, though confused cell. Finally they decided it was the cell of beautiful clothes—*cella vestitus pulcri*.

Tired and a little bewildered, the surgeons paused a moment to rest. Their task was not nearly done, however, therefore they were soon again bent intent on their work. Well enough they did rest; for the next opening revealed a knottier problem. Here again they found two chambers connected by a narrow passage. The first, when it was cut, sent out a sweet fragrance. A very thin membrane of a deep violet hue lined the sides. Upon this background were painted, in softened tints, a picture gallery of girls' faces. The puzzled workers, with starting eyes and clinched fists, examined one massive volume after another, in an effort to find some mention of this part of the brain. Several minutes passed and to their joy they found, on page 257 in volume XV of *Theoretices Chirurgorum*, a description which nearly coincided with that of this cell. In this description the cell was called *cella aimcarum*, and was supposed to be the cell in which friendships with girls were formed. An odd phenomenon, which they noticed was that called *crushiones*. In this, friendships between two girls were formed but they lasted for a very short time. The common name for such a friendship is "crush."

With this difficulty settled, the surgeons made an incision into the second one of these cells. The lining of this one was of a rich rose color, and a heavy, sweet, though indefinable odor came out. On the walls were a number of portraits but this time they were of masculine faces. Most of them had been marked out with heavy black lines and some almost obliterated. From each picture hung a thread-like cordon, which fluttered and dangled loosely. One picture, however, was perfect, with no defacing lines. The cordon attached to the lower end of it, was stretched tight and passed through the wall of the cell, seeming to be fastened to something outside of the cell. At regular intervals, it vibrated as if it were made of rubber. With little trouble they decided this was the cell of love—*cella amoris*—but were uncertain as to the cause of the vibration of the cord. In the *Theoretices*, however, they found that this cordon is directly connected with the heart and pulsates with every heart beat.

Hidden in a deep recess of the brain was a cell, the outer walls of which were folded in deep convolutions. A network of fine veins was woven, like filigree-work, around it. Great skill was needed in separating these silken fibers but at last the opening was reached. With one stroke the chamber was laid open to the view. A membrane, somewhat thicker than that in the others and of a dark gray shade, overspread the inner surface. Along one side were rows of books, some with beautiful binding, others marked and scratched, and still others torn, with backs half gone, like a child's favorite rag-doll, which has lost its hair and wears a soiled and ragged dress. At one end, on a thicker portion of the lower part of the cell, was the figure of a girl pointing upward. This seemed to be a shrine; for on the table before it was a lamp burning sweet incense. After a consultation, the surgeons decided that this was the *cella ambitionis*. An appreciation for higher things and a desire for something good in life was shown in this cell. The doctors were much surprised, and hastily consulted the *Theoretices*, but could find no mention of the cell. They were elated then, and in a moment visions came to each of the fame which would come to them when their discovery was published to the world.

No other cells were found, therefore, considering their task complete, the surgeons with a few stitches, closed the brain. They took down their note-books and wrote careful descriptions and explanations of each cell. In partnership they have begun a work, which will consist of many volumes, and which treats of the delicate operations of a girls' brain. This will be published, if ever they can make a satisfactorily explanation of their last discovery.

EULA WILLING.



Class 1913



COLORS
White and Yellow

FLOWER
Field Daisy

MOTTO
Constantly striving to make our best better

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A Dream



WE have all had dreams in our life-time,
Some have been sad, and some have been bright,
But the one that concerns us all, dear girls,
Is the one that I had last night.

The terrible day of judgment had come,
And some of our class had been lost.
And those were crossing the river Styx;
For they were doomed to pay the cost.

The first of those who landed,
(As I saw from my seat on high)
Was Eula for failing in English,
And I could not repress a sigh.

She offered excuses and wept many tears,
But the spirit was grim and stern
And motioned her to enter the gloomy gates
Where at last, *too late*, her lesson she'd learn.

Then another was taken from the little boat,
And I shuddered again as I thought:
If only Rosa had behaved at V. I.
In Elysian fields she'd have walked.

Next Sarah was beckoned by the bony hand;
And I saw the despair on her face,
As she murmured, "That Herrick and Damon
Has been my downfall and disgrace."

Then I looked at our number in Heaven,
And saw the content on their faces;
For we had worked and made ninety-five
And well deserved our places.

'Tis true we missed our lessons,
And faked what we didn't know,
But we crammed on examination—
Which prevented our going "below."

J. M.

Sophomore Toasts



TO COLLEGE GIRLS

COLLEGE DAYS! Do you remember how important those words made you feel? and how happy you were when the train came, at last, to that place where all was pleasure? You mused: there would be no more lectures from father, and mother's little sermons would *no longer have to be* listened to; when you were gone how sorry they would be that they had not always allowed you your own way; the hard days at high school were now over, and the time had come when you would have something to do beside study. Had you not just read in a book about college life of how the girls did nothing but make candy, have midnight feasts, and "cut" all their classes? All this you thought of, as the train carried you away from all your troubles, to nothing but bliss and everlasting sunshine.

When the train finally stopped, and the conductor helped you off, of course you felt a little disappointed when none of the girls seemed very anxious to meet you, but joked and talked to one another. Later, worse than all, they actually laughed when your suit-case fell and emptied its contents on the muddy ground, whereupon your best pink lawn dress received a generous splashing of mud from a passing freight truck. You might have been standing there until now, helplessly holding a hand-box in your right hand and a sofa pillow in your left, had not the President come about that time, and ushered you to the awaiting street car.

The next few days were very tiresome, but you comforted yourself with the thought that soon your work would be organized; the feasts and fun would begin; and everybody would be happy and gay, without the interference of hard lessons.

A week passed by, and still the days were long and tiresome. Then one morning at chapel, the President said in that stern voice, that still makes you tremble, "Every one, by this time, has been classified, so now we will get down to hard study." "Hard study!" those words rang in your ears. What was the matter? Had the President gone crazy? You had heard nothing but books and study since you came. The whole world seemed to buzz with the b's of those books.

How well you remember those days that followed! Why on earth did not each teacher know that you had something to do beside study the lessons she assigned? When did the Lady Principal sleep? Didn't she know you wanted to have a midnight feast? Was not this one of your chief objects in coming to college? Why would the rising bell ring so early? Why, you could sleep lots later than that at home.

At last, by hard experience, you found out that college life was meant for nothing but study. For it's—

Work, work, work,
'Till the brain begins to swim;

Work, work, work,
'Till the eyes are heavy and dim!

Syles, Newcomers, Brewster,
Brewster, Newcomers, Syles,
'Till over your lessons you fall asleep,
And dream of next summer styles.

Study, study, study,
From weary morn 'till night.
Study, study, study,
Oh, it's a horrible sight!

Students are so thin and pale,
You'd vow each was a ghost;
But, my dear friend, they've been in jail,
And to their confinement, let's drink a toast.

ERA CONEY.



TO MY THEME

A toast to thee, oh lasting emblem of toil and pain. Yes, a toast to thee, My Theme! Addison, Lamb, Ruskin, or even the great Macaulay could never have equaled thee, product of my arid desert brain! How oft in the still night, when anticipating your evolution, I have seen you hovering over my couch, a demon all in black with a cloak of rhetoric covered, grasping a handful of sentences—long, short, loose, periodic, complex and compound.

Your *Emotional* eyes glared at me,
Your writhing lips spelled *Unity*,
Paragraph structure was your *form*,
While all around you whirled a storm
Of *Punctuation*.
But now thou art a beauteous thing;
Truly "a thing of joy forever,"
Completely written out with care,
And, dearie me! so very *clever*.
Where'er I be, whate'er I seem,
I'll drink to thee, my darling theme.

Dear Sophomores, I beg of you, yea, even plead with you, to forgive the outburst of an extremely poetical mind, but I am sure that you will unanimously agree with me that there is nothing so thrillingly interesting as a theme, especially during this —the first year of the "Shousic Wars."

We have loyally stood together, pillaging and plundering our enemies' strongholds, with great gain to ourselves. We have besieged with vengeance, the forts "Newcomer" and "Brewster," and stormed the storehouses of "Herrick and Damon." It is true we have come away wounded and bleeding, —think of the red-inked pages, —but victorious and heavily laden with "English booty." Then let us go and lay this rich treasure at the feet of the great god, Theme. Perhaps thereby, the world may gain another Shakespeare or Chaucer.

Some of you shake your addled heads and protest that you have no love whatever for the mighty god, Theme, but consider for a moment, and you will readily see that you are mistaken. Naturally, when General Shouse fired a fierce blast of Theme subjects at the class, you were horror stricken, ready to retreat, but when the forces had rallied, drawn up a treaty, and sent it in under a flag of truce,—a nice, big, fat theme,—was not there encouragement in your hearts? Was not the victory half won? and had you not successfully resisted the fusillade of the general's fire?

As I write, the very word "theme" sets my brain afire! Sophomores, pardon me, I fear I am becoming poetic again!

Oh, I'll drink to thee, my theme! my theme!
Thou gracious, intellectual thing!
But—my audience is asleep, I'll vow,
So I think I'll stop my toasting now.

CLAIRE POWELL.



TO FLUNKERS

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, it might have been."

This little quotation is loved and cherished by scores of people, yet it does not appeal to anyone as it does to the girl in the Sophomore class who has flunked. These words had not the deep meaning for Mr. Whittier that they have for her, but she changes the words slightly into school-girl language and cries:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, I've flunked again."

Only a poor, misunderstood, hard-working Sophomore realizes what it means to "fail on exams;" but she knows it means ruin and disgrace. If others only understood, her burden would be lighter and her yoke easier. Alas! she alone knows that it was the teacher's fault. Why did she put the question in such a strange way? Why did she ask so many? Why did she put sub-questions under the main questions as far as the alphabet would allow. Friends, classmates, and fellow sufferers, she once used *e*, *t*, *c* after she had passed *z*! Why did she not ask the things the poor flunkers knew best? They do know something. Why did the all-powerful one grade so closely and not once give the "benefit of the doubt?"

Many places marked with red ink were simply not properly interpreted. The girl knew more about the Ancient Mariner than that he had a very warm and uncomfortable trip, and

that "Death" and "Death in Life" played cards with him. The question said, "Tell the story briefly"—was this not brief? She omitted the details only to do as the teacher said. When the sufferer wrote that *Paradise Lost* was an essay by George Barr McCutcheon, she really meant to say it was a poem by Milton, but her pen slipped, she was scared. She knew that "The Psalm of Life" and "Annabel Lee" were not the two most famous allegories ever written; she just wrote that down hurriedly and got confused in her haste.

The teacher simply did not "read between the lines;" she had no interpretative imagination.

It took much more thought and originality to answer the questions as she did; it would have been much easier to put down the answers as they were in the book. Yet all her originality and brilliance did not bring her grade up to the required mark; consequently, she flunked!

Flunk, flunk, flunk,
I'm adrift on a cruel sea;
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the ninety-fives,
As they shout from one to the other,
"Rejoice my friends, rejoice,
Hurrah! we've passed another."

Flunk, flunk, flunk,
At the foot of my own dear class;
And the tender touch of my teacher's hand
Reminds me I did not pass.

And the lucky ones go on
To their haven in the Junior class,
But let us drink to the ones who have flunked;
To the ones who have failed to pass.

ARCHIE CATCHING.



Class 1914



Freshmen

FLOWER

Johnny Jump-up

COLORS

Gray and Red

MOTTO

Hitch your wagons to the stars

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ANNIE MONTGOMERY	MYRTLE SENTER
LULA PUCKETT	SUSIE LITZ



I

IT was a sultry spring afternoon, with scarcely breeze enough to stir even the topmost branches of the tree under which I sat. For fully a half an hour I had been trying to keep my drowsy lids open by counting the multi-colored butterflies which floated lazily by just over the heads of the daisies, but the soothing quiet of the afternoon finally overcame my feeble efforts and at last, with a vague realization that I had reached nearly three hundred, I floated off into dreamland.

Suddenly—bump, clank, jerk—I found myself sitting bolt-upright in a stuffy little day-coach of some small eastern train, which, judging from its rolling and plunging, was doing its best to make up lost time. After a final gasp of surprise, I turned to view my companions. Imagine my amazement when I found that the car was full of babies—pretty babies, ugly babies, thin babies, fat babies. In fact, there were babies everywhere! And how on earth did I, a Freshman of Virginia Institute, ever get mixed up in such a pile of infants! Ah! but it was a shock to my dignity. Never did pride have such a fall. The miseries, the torture, the heart-rending agonies that accompanied that journey were unspeakable. But the joy and the peace that settled over my spirits when the torments left me were beautiful.

ANNIE MONTGOMERY.

II

I dreamed that a girl had died and Willie told me that I was not brave enough to stay in the room with the corpse all night. Consequently, I determined to show her that I was not afraid. Before she left me alone, I looked around in every corner that I might be sure there was nothing to harm me, except the lifeless body. Feeling rather ill at ease, I went and looked at the girl, then I went to the rear of the room and stretched out on the floor for a nap. Suddenly, I heard a peculiar noise, I raised up, but could see nothing. I thought that perhaps it was my imagination and tried to sleep; but in a few minutes, I heard the same noise, except that it was louder. Frightened out of my wits, I tried to move, but all in vain. I was aroused by someone touching me on the shoulder, and looking up, whom did I see but the dead girl! It was Margaret Puckett telling me that it was time for the midnight feast.

CORINNE ROUTH.

III

I was Cleopatra sailing down the Mississippi (I had finished reading Cleopatra's life for English just before going to sleep). Passing a little village with a plague flag flowing in the breeze, I enquired of my eunuch, "What dread disease have these people?" I learned that small-pox raged there.

That night, feeling feverish and irritable, I retired early to my silken couch. But rest was not for me, for it was not long before my body was covered with sores. I, the great queen, was covered with small-pox! The next morning they brought a message that Mark Antony would soon be there with a pest wagon. I resolved to flee. I would never consent to enter a pest-house.

I awoke with a start and found myself arising from my bed at Virginia Institute. The dream had seemed so real, that I ran to the mirror and gazed with horror at my swollen countenance. A thousand real bumps ornamented it. Alas! I had the measles!

SARAH SPIGENER.

IV

One night not long ago, an old woman with long gray hair, a face covered with wrinkles, keen, black eyes, a sharp, pointed nose, and long, bony fingers, hobbled up to the side of my bed. She asked me what I would rather have above everything else in the whole world. I told her that my greatest desire was to have some wings, so that I might fly like birds. She then told me to close my eyes for a few minutes; when I opened them, a pair of most beautiful wings was fastened to my shoulders. They were dotted with spots of brilliant colors and were bordered around with bands of red and gray.

I soared away into the air and presently entered a Sophomore's window. There, two girls were racking their brains over tiny bits of ambition and sighing because they could not excel the Freshmen. With one disdainful look, I went whirling on. Next, I went into the Junior's department, where the girls were working with puzzled and perplexed minds. Some were writing themes, others studying philosophy, and one was actually endeavoring to write a love story for a magazine. Just one little buzz, and I flitted past all of these. Sailing on, I flew over the bed where some Seniors were sitting with knotted, distracted brows, and unhappy faces, digging away at Dowden's "*Primier*," Thorndyke's "*Tragedy*," Symond's "*Predecessors of Shakespeare*" and Woodbridge's "*The Drama, Its Law and Technique*." These were beneath the dignity of a Freshman, who alone bore the wings, and keeping close to the ceiling and without looking down, I flew over the transom and into the light.

DAISY LEE BONHAM.





SUB-FRESHMEN. ■



ANNIE LEE DINGLEDINE
JANETTE DODSON
EULA ESSARY
WILLIE JOHNSTON
MELISSA JENNINGS
LOUISE McELRATH
KATHLEEN NYE
ADDIE TERRELL
MILA LEWIS
MARY NOFSINGER
IRENE OBERLIN
BESS PETERS
CLAUDIA RUCKER

CAROLINE ALDRICH
MYRTLE BUCKLES
NINA BRIGGS
DELLA BANNER
ZOLA CRUZE
GLADYS EDRINGTON
CATHERINE ELLIOTT
LILLIAN FRY
ETHEL GOOD
ELSIE MOORE
BESSIE MILLER
NELL RICHMOND
RUTH PUCKETT

LILLIAN ROBINSON

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EULA ESSARY	Tennessee
WILLIE SMITH	Mississippi

Art Club



To the Mail Man

■



I'LL try to write a little tale
About the man who carries mail;
So faithful to his daily work,
The mail man's never known to shirk.

In sun or rain, in sleet or snow,
The mail man's ever on the go;
While we are warming by the fire,
Perchance he's wading mud and mire.

I guess if he could only see
The sort of mail he brings to me;
Perhaps he wouldn't take such pains,
At least, he'd stay in, when it rains.

Rejection slips my mail box fills
While notices of unpaid bills
And other trifling worthless stuff
Is in my box full oft enough.

But if perchance on some fine day,
The dangerous cupid shall fly my way;
The chances are I'd learn the tale
Through the faithful mail-man and the mail.

So here's to our faithful postman,
Whether cross, or slow, or cheery;
For he brings us joy and gladness,
And letters that make us merry.

E. L.

DRAMATICS



The Rivals



PRESENTED BY THE SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION

VIRGINIA INSTITUTE

Monday, February twenty-seven

Dramatis Personæ

Sir Anthony Absolute	LULINE FORTUNE
Captain Jack Absolute	GLADYS HARGRAVE
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	JENICE McAFEE
Faulkland	LILLIAN GOSE
Bob Acres	MARION ELIZABETH SPIGENER
Fag (Servant of Captain Absolute)	ADDIE TERRELL
David (Servant of Bob Acres)	CLAIRE POWELL
Lydia Languish	EVELYN LYLE
Thomas (Servant of Sir Anthony Absolute)	SUSIE LITZ
Mrs. Malaprop	LOIS DAVIS
Lucy (Maid to Mrs. Malaprop)	ETHEL ROBERTSON



THE RIVALS

The Curry Club



LOIS DAVIS	<i>President</i>
LULINE FORTUNE	<i>Vice-President</i>
GLADYS HARGRAVE	<i>Treasurer</i>
JENNICE MCAFEE	<i>Secretary</i>



(Dedicated to the Expression Department by one of its
most loyal graduates.)

I am thinking today of a place far away,
Full of memories precious to me,
Of glad days that are gone, full of pleasure and fun,
Of a happier "use to be."
And as never before, I long to live o'er
Those sweet days of the happy "gone by,"
And to revel once more in those friendships of yore—
I want to go back to V. I.

I want to go back to the school on the hill,
With its ivy-adornéd walls,
And again would I look in each cranny and nook,
And roam through its spacious old halls
With my chum at my side, o'er its verandas so wide
I would stroll, while we gazed at the sky,
At the hillocks of green, with the fair plains between—
Oh! I want to go back to V. I.

I want to stroll in the campus at dusk,
Arm in arm with some friend that I love,
Or to walk to the gate in the twilight late,
Then wander out through the grove;
Hear the birds in the trees, feel the fresh mountain breeze,
As we did in the days gone by,
Or sit with the folks on the steps and crack jokes—
Oh! I want to go back to V. I.

I want to go back to the old rising bell,
Hear it ring like it used to do,
With its dreary old lay, "get up right away,"
Or there'll be a demerit for you.
Then I want to lie still and "snooze" for a spell,
Till the breakfast bell rings by and by;
Then hurry and flurry and scamper and scurry—
I want to go back to V. I.

I want to go back to the chapel again,
And sit in the same old seat;
The old piano hear, as it rings out clear
In melody mellow and sweet;
And sing "Love Divine," or "I'm Wholly Thine,"
Or, "We'll Meet in the Sweet By and By,"
And a Bible verse say, in the old V. I. way—
Oh! I want to go back to V. I.

I want to go back some Saturday night,
And go to the Eoline Hall,
And sit in my place, with a proud happy face,
As I answer the old roll call;
And I want to debate or a big speech to make
On Eoline principles high,
Of victories won, of work to be done—
Oh! I want to go back to V. I.

I want to go back to the "studio,"
And sit as I used to do
By the table there in the big arm chair,
Feeling happy and bright through and through;
And I want to chat of this and of that,
As we did in the happy "gone by,"
And scheme great schemes, and dream great dreams—
And I want to go back to V. I.

I want to go back to "Gym" once again
And see the girls scamper about.
"Number one's to the left, number two's to the right."
"Arms lift and breathe in, then breathe out."
"Right about face," every one in her place;
"Arms up and heels lift, raise them high,"
Hear the piano's glad sound as they march all around,—
I want to go back to V. I.

Does the old pulp mill still blow its whistle so shrill
In the morning before daylight?
Do the men still play at tennis all day?
Do the girls still feast at midnight?
Do the teachers still rap with a well-meaning tap,
When a light after bed-time they spy?
Do the girls still rove, at dusk in the grove?
Oh! I want to go back to V. I.

Do the birds that now sing in the grove in the spring
Ever breathe a sad song for me?
Do the girls who now walk through the halls ever talk
Of the times as they used to be?
Do they know that some day when they're far away,
With me they will weep and will sigh,
With me they will long for the days that are gone,
And they'll want to go back to V. I.

MYRTLE ROBINSON.



Certificate Class



MEMBERS

MARGUERITE BRIGGS	Piano
LILLIAN GOSE	Piano
RUBY RUSSELL	Piano

Moral Maxims for Musical Maidens



DEAR girls, who tread earth's pathway bright,
Take *note* of what we say;
Be careful that you choose aright
Life's *melody* to play.

In *major mode* your hopes *pitch* high;
Resolve all *discords* soon;
Be *sharp* on everything you try,
And always think in *tune*.

Keep simple, *natural*, and wise,
And fail to *turn* aside
From *ties* of truth to seek the prize
Of folly's *slur*, and pride.

The heart's deep *chords* touch tenderly,
But never strive to see
What should be locked eternally
By love's sweet, silver *key*.

In peaceful by-ways *pause*, and *rest*
Ere fortune's heights you *scale*;
With *staff* of trust each footstep test,
So shall you never fail.

Then *harmony* will ever reign,
And *songs* will fill the air
In *rhythmic measure*, *phrase*, and *strain*,
For maidenhood most fair.



G.T.

V. I. Glee Club



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ANNIE LEE WHITE
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ETHEL ROBINSON
FAY GRIGSBY
ARCHIE CATCHING
ERA CONEY
EVELYN LYLE
CORINNE ROUTH
WILLIE JOHNSTON
LOIS DAVIS
EDITH BURNETT

Second Soprano

LULINE FORTUNE
GLADYS HARGRAVE
ANNA FULLER
ANNIE MERLLE BARBER
LILLIAN ROBINSON
MARGUERITE BRIGGS
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KATIE SUE MORRIS
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MEMBERS

RUTH HALLER
BERTHA HUGHES

NELL RICHMOND
UNA WEBB

A Night of Horror

I FEAR thee, ancient enemy;
I fear thy teeth so keen,
And thou art long and lank and gray,
With cruel, savage mein.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye;
And thy shining tail so gray.
"Oh, woe is me," I shrieked it out,
Still that body there did stay.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone in a big, big room;
And never a girl took pity on
My dark, dire, dreadful doom.

I screamed, threw shoes, a pillow or two
That he stone dead might lie;
But the stealthy, filthy, wily thing
Stayed on, and so did I.

I looked up to the walls for help,
But drew my eyes away;
For glaring near the radiator
That fierce, wild creature lay.

I looked to heaven and tried to pray,
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked squeak from him didst make
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids and kept them closed,
The balls like pulses beat;

And closer, closer, drew that thing,
'Till it was at my feet.

The cold sweat broke from my clammy brow
How I did long for day!
The look with which he looked on me
Hath never passed away!

I've seen the serpent's fangéd tongue
Dart out at me with glee;
But, oh, more horrible than that,
The look that thing gave me.

The moving thing went up the pipe
And nowhere did abide;
Softly, he was going up,
With him, one or two beside.

His tail bemoaned the hurléd shoe,
Whilst evil were his eyes;
As up the long, cold, steely pipe,
They warily did rise.

Within the shelter of the screen,
I watched their slow ascent;
He turned and blinked and every step
Was a dare so boldly sent.

The self-same moment I seized a shoe,
So thirsting for his gore;
I threw that shoe, that rat fell down
Like lead upon the floor.



College Songs



TUNE—*Heidleberg*

Here's to the school we love so well;	Here's to Virginia Institute,
Here's to the flag she flies.	In honor she'll never lack;
Here's to her daughters, the best on earth,	Sing her praises both far and wide,
Under the smiling skies.	Here's to the Orange and the Black.

JUST ONE COLLEGE

Of all the colleges in the land,
There's just one college for us;
We place ourselves at her command,
There's just one college for us.

Chorus

Just one college,
And that's the college we sing to;
Just one college,
And that's the college for us.

Our neighbor, Sullins, across the way;
There's just one college for us.
She'll have to fight to win the day,
There's just one college for us.

So Alma Mater, here's to you,
There's just one college for us.
Oh, you're a good one through and through,
There's just one college for us.

BALM OF GILEAD

Here's to old V. I., drink her down, drink her down;
Here's to old V. I., drink her down, drink her down;
Here's to our own college,
It's the place to get your knowledge,
Drink her down, drink her down, drink her down, down, down,
Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead, way down on the Bingo Farm.

Here's to stars of heaven, drink her down, drink her down,
Here's to class of 'leven, drink her down, drink her down.
Here's to class of 'leven, for she'll surely go to heaven,
Drink her down, drink her down, drink her down, down, down,
Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead, way down on the Bingo Farm.



PEARL PENDELTON SECRETARY



RHEA LESTER PRESIDENT

OFFICERS OF THE



LULINE FORTUNE
VICE PRESIDENT



ARCHIE CATCHING
TREASURER

POCKET

Senior Basket Ball Team



MOTTO

Win, but win by fair means

COLORS

White and Gold

LOIS DAVIS	<i>Captain and Right Forward</i>
LULINE FORTUNE	<i>Right Guard</i>
MOLLIE HEATH CONN	<i>Left Guard</i>
MARGIE SHUMATE	<i>Left Forward</i>
ANNIE MERRLE BARBER	<i>Center</i>

SUBSTITUTES

ADDIE TERRELL	<i>Forward</i>
EULA ESSARY	<i>Center</i>

SONG

Good-bye, old Juniors,
Farewell to you;
This team of ours
Is too much for you.
Each girl's a wonder,
Tried through and through;
Good-bye old Juniors,
It's all up with you.



Junior Basket Ball Team



MOTTO
Aim High

COLORS
Crimson and Gray

TEAM

RHEA LESTER	Captain and Right Forward
LUCILE PASS	Left Forward
GLADYS POWELL	Right Guard
IRENE OBERLIN	Left Guard
HELEN BRIGGS	Center
MARGUERITE BRIGGS	Center Guard
ELIZABETH STOKELY	Substitute

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!
 Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!
 Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!
 Juniors!

Brecke-koex, koex, koex,
 Brecke-koax, koax, koax,
 Hallabaloo, how-d'ye-do!
 Juniors!



Sophomore Basket Ball Team



COLORS

Brown and Yellow

TEAM

ARCHIE CATCHING	<i>Captain and Center</i>
ANNA FULLER	<i>Right Forward</i>
PEARL PENDLETON	<i>Left Forward</i>
ERA CONEY	<i>Center Guard</i>
EVELYN LYLE	<i>Center Guard</i>
ELIZABETH MARHALL	<i>Right Guard</i>
JENNICE MCAFEES	<i>Left Guard</i>
CLAIRE POWELL	<i>Left Guard</i>



Freshman Basket Ball Team



MOTTO

Quality, not quantity

COLORS

Red and Gray

DAISY BONHAM	<i>Captain and Left Forward</i>
ANNIE LEE DINGLEDINE	<i>Right Forward</i>
ANNIE MONTGOMERY	<i>Right Guard</i>
RUBY RUSSELL	<i>Left Guard</i>
EDNA EARL KING	<i>Jumping Center</i>
MYRTLE SENTER	<i>Center-Guard</i>
RAY BURKHALTER	<i>Substitute</i>



CRIMSON CRACKERS

FLOWER
Crimson Rambler

COLORS
Crimson and White

MOTTO
Bat and make 'em batty

MEMBERS
MABEL MORRIS, *Captain*

HELEN ZEIGLER
SELMA HARMON
MARY REED COVINGTON

LOIS DAVIS
LILLIAN HENSLEY
ELIZABETH STOKELY



FLOWER

Wisteria

COLORS

Purple and Yellow

MOTTO

If you can't make a racket, make a show

MEMBERS

JENNIE SPIGENER, *Captain*

EVELYN LYLE
ADDIE TERRELL
MARGARET SCHWATKA
ELIZABETH MARSHALL

MARGUERITE BRIGGS
SARAH SPIGENER
LUCILE PASS
FAY GRIGSBY



The Fortunes



COLORS
Black and White

LULINE FORTUNE
Captain

ANNA MERRLE BARBER
ARCHIE CATCHING
HELEN BRIGGS
EDNA EARL KING
ETHEL ROBINSON
ANNIE MONTGOMERY
MARGARET PUCKETT
JENNICE MCAFEE



Base Ball Team



S. SPIGENER, *Umpire*

G. POWELL, *Captain*

TEAM

"STINGER" SPIGENER	<i>Pitcher</i>
"BIG-MOUTH" POWELL	<i>Catcher</i>
"HOME-RUN" ROBINSON	<i>First Base</i>
"FIGHTING" FORTUNE	<i>Second Base</i>
"BATTING" CATCHING	<i>Third Base</i>
"CURVER" CONEY	<i>Right Field</i>
"SLIDER" MONTGOMERY	<i>Left Field</i>
"HITTING" POWELL	<i>Center</i>
"THREE STRIKES" MCAFEE	<i>Short Stop</i>

The Annihilation of "Jim"



WHEN September days were warm,
Came a maid to old V. I.;
Memories of her home were fresh,
All she did was weep and cry.

Her form was like a lily fair,
So rounded soft and neat
And being full of feminine ways,
She naturally was sweet.

She saw the girls go down to "gym,"
Decked out in great style.
"Oh, why am I so flably flat?"
So *she* took "gym" awhile.

And for nine long months
She worked away with care,
And even went so far
As to "exercise" her hair.

Her muscles grew like cabbages,
Her body six feet tall.
Her strength was that of an ox,
While she "bossed" the teachers all.

And when in the balmy Spring
Her "Jim" dropped in to call,
And made some critical remarks,
She did not like at all,

She grasped him by his collar white,
And up from off the floor;
Then like a comet bright,
He went sailing through the door.

There is a moral in this tale,
For all of us to gain,
And if you'd have a "hubby" dear,
From all such things refrain.

G. P.

The Honor Roll



AH, Honor Roll! Oh, how many memories do these words bring to me! Memories sweet, followed, alas! by memories sad! First, comes the recollections of the day when with sober spirit and reverent hands I placed my name at the bottom of the list of requirements, O, Honor Roll! and thus agreed to obey thee in all things, while in return thou, patron of all the truly good, didst promise to send me shopping alone with three other girls; to permit me sometimes to attend a "social" or play—provided I paid my own way, and even to go away from the school for lunch or dinner—if I were so fortunate as to receive an invitation; and then again to permit me to have a "cousin" from home—if I were skillful enough in tracing out my genealogy—come to see me, on conditions that he did not stay more than one hour, and talk of nothing but the weather.

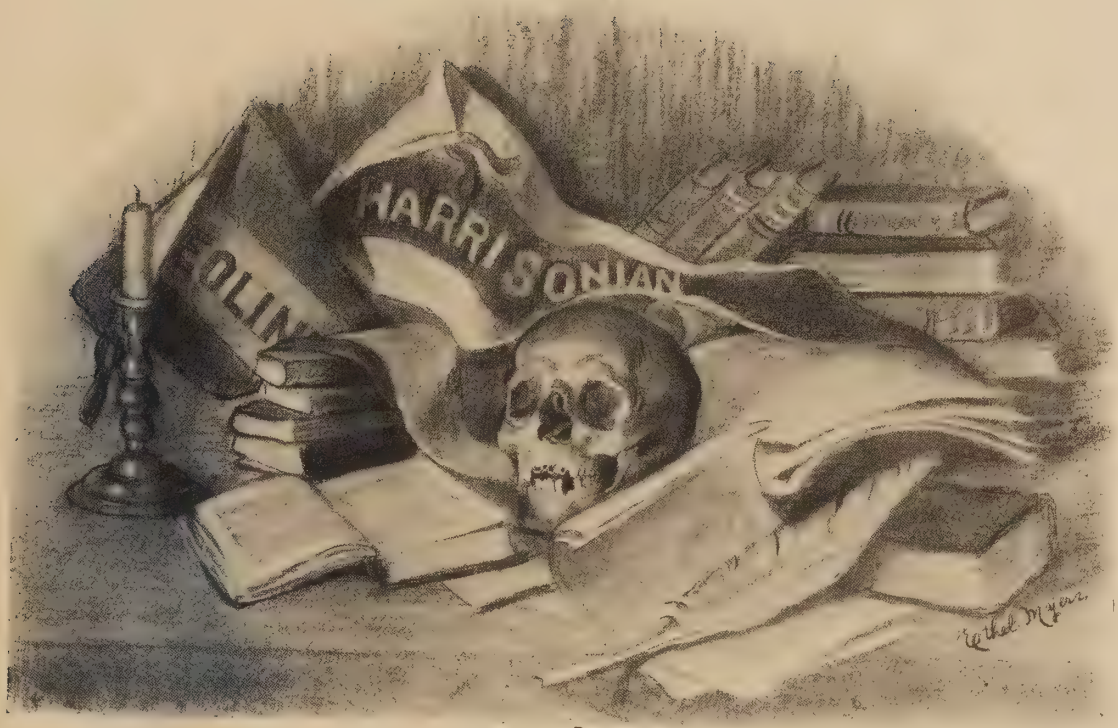
Oh blissful day! when, at the end of six weeks, during which time I proved to thee my worthiness of being thy friend, thou didst accept me, and as a proof, didst grant unto me the privileges thou alone canst give! For one happy month I walked in the sunlight of thy favor. Thou wast my idol. Didst thou threaten to part from me, I would do penance for days, even weeks, in order that I might not receive enough of those dread tokens of thy displeasure—demerits—to sever our alliance.

But one time my penance was in vain! once thou didst refuse to pardon me. I did not mean to offend thee. Rather than cause thee displeasure, I would fast until we are rid of rats—both kinds. I did not know that thou wouldst be angry at a single little midnight feast, or at my buying a few little chocolate creams—or my spending one night with my "crush." But thou great and just Honor Roll, thou knowest best; thy ways are righteous. I can not reproach thee. I can only beg thy forgiveness and wish that thou mayst live long and that others may be more fortunate than I.

O, Honor Roll! Thou suffereth long and art kind; thou envieth not; thou vaunteth not thyself, thou art not puffed up.

Thou beareth all things, and endureth, and believeth all things.

ETHEL ROBERTSON.





Coline Literary Society, 1910-1911

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ADDIE TERRELL
GRACE THOMAS
SARAH THOMAS
ANNIE WHITE

The Ways of Celia



FRANK was a Sophomore, Jack, a Freshman. The boys roomed together in Jefferson Hall, and never were two room-mates so thoroughly congenial. In fact, it seemed that their tastes fitted as well as two halves of the same apple. Was it fate, then, that made the two fellows fall in love with the same girl? It was not an unnatural thing to fall in love with Celia, however, for almost every man on the campus, in due season, just as he had had the measles, mumps, and whooping cough, had Celia fever. At last Jack decided that he was the favored suitor, and about the same time Frank felt as fully convinced that he was the lucky man. Each thought that soon *the others* would resign all claims. We'll not say what *the others* thought.

The rivalry between the Sophomore and the Freshman was entirely good natured, even though each did try his best to out-do the other. If Jack sent Celia two pounds of Huyler's, Frank immediately sent her five pounds of Lowney's; or, if the Sophomore ordered violets, the Freshman at once spent his last cent for orchids. This state of affairs continued until the boys' respective fathers demanded in thundering tones, "Why do the books for your Bible course cost so much?" In the meantime, Celia, a careful shepherdess, guarded her flock zealously and without partiality.

All went well until Bob Ainsley, a mischief-loving Junior, had an idea—yes, little Bobbie really had a brilliant idea! Seeing Jack tumble pell-mell down the steps, Ainsley tapped on the door of Room 122. The only response that greeted him was a muttered, "Please go away and let me sleep."

Nevertheless, Ainsley pushed open the door and entered with a "Ship ahoy! Hi yi! Wake up, the boat's sinking," which charming music caused the drowsy occupant of the bed to crawl out. The visitor began, "Well, Frank, old chap, I've a bird of a joke for you to play on that room-mate of yours. I hear he's been running you a race for Celia lately, and this will just fix him with her."

"That's the stuff, old man, let's have the idea."

"Well, tonight, say about twelve, you just slip cautiously out of bed and apply a little shoe polish to his face."

"Ainsley, you're the man with the ideas!"

"You know he's such a lazy old duffer that he won't consider crawling out in the morning until after the gong rings for drill. Then he'll be in such a hurry to get to the parade ground that he won't take time to go across the hall—"

"Why in the deuce would he want to go across the hall?"

"Why to look in the glass—I'm going to steal the mirror out of this room. Now listen to the plan. Just after drill, I'll rush up to him and give him a note from Celia (I'll write that tonight) telling him to come over at once—a matter of life and death, don't you know."

"Good!" ejaculated the thoroughly delighted Sophomore.

"The poor fellow 'll be so scared that he'll rush frantically over to Celia's house, without giving his appearance a thought. Say, now, Frank, old chap, you aren't offended because a Junior gives you a little advice, are you?"

"By Jove, Ainsley, it takes a fellow like you to think of something like that. You're a wonder!" And Frank eyed the Junior with increasing respect. "Just fix up that little note you mentioned, and I'll do the rest. Jove, but won't Celia laugh?"

"Well, I should say," answered Ainsley, "and you know a girl never likes to see a fellow make a fool of himself. If Celia ever was crazy about Jack, and it's my opinion that she's in love with you, old fellow, she'll certainly lose all her love after seeing him in such a plight. Must hurry to Math. Luck to you!" And the mischievous Junior sauntered leisurely out of the room.

If Frank could have seen his *Junior friend* an hour later, he would certainly have changed his mind. Ainsley, coming from Math, met Jack, hurrying across the campus. The Freshman had always secretly admired the Junior, and now felt highly flattered that the latter should greet him with a friendly, "Hello, old chap! How goes it?" And without giving the bewildered Freshman time to answer, Ainsley continued, "If you want to have some fun out of Frank, here's the thing to do. About four in the morning, when he's sleeping soundly, you just apply a small quantity of liquid shoe polish to his fair countenance. I'll swipe your mirror this afternoon, so he won't have a chance to view his dusky face before leaving the room in the morning. Then I'll manage to get him over to see Celia before he discovers that his skin has changed its hue. How's that for a joke?"

"The very thing," laughed Jack. "This will even us up on that little medicine joke he played on me last week. Mr. Ainsley, you're certainly the most original man I've met in some time."

"Oh, that little scheme just flashed into my mind when I saw you coming. So long, old fellow! See you tomorrow."

That night strange things occurred in Room 122 in Jefferson Hall. As the hands of the clock pointed to the hour of twelve, Frank slipped cautiously out of his bed and tip-toed to the opposite side of the room, where Jack slept. By the faint light of the moon he uncorked a bottle of shoe polish and applied it freely to the face of the sleeping Freshman. Jack stirred slightly and muttered something about Celia's eyes, but did not awake. The Sophomore returned to his downy couch, chuckling the while over his joke, and five minutes later an earthquake would hardly have aroused him.

About four hours later, Jack dreamed that he and Celia were walking across a trestle, and just as they reached the middle of it, a train came rushing down the track. In half a minute they would be killed, and—a buzzing sound under his pillow caused the frightened Freshman to sit up straight in bed. Then he remembered—the alarm clock—the shoe polish. Hastily silencing the clock, Jack crept to Frank's bed. The latter did not even move as the Freshman speedily transformed him from a Caucasian to an African. Then Jack slipped back to his own bed and was soon dozing.

From somewhere a gong sounded, loud and harsh. With one bound the two boys were out of bed and were frantically getting into their uniforms for drill. Each seemed strangely amused at the other as he gave his face a vigorous dose of soap and water; but shoe polish sticketh closer than a brother. In five minutes they dashed across the campus and arrived, panting, at the parade ground just in time for drill. Shouts of laughter greeted them, but each gave the crowd of fellows the silent wink. The commandant looked sternly at them; and they, having mental pictures of themselves, touring the campus with guns on their shoulders—the punishment for misbehavior—immediately became as solemn as owls.

At last the drill was over. Almost before the ranks were broken, Bob Ainsley dashed madly up to Jack, exclaiming breathlessly, "Old fellow, something's happened to Celia! Here's a note she's sent. Take it and hurry. Why, man, don't look so white! Hope it's nothing serious."

But Jack had heard only the first of this. Fairly tearing across the campus, he dashed up to Celia's house. It never once occurred to him to ring the bell. He rushed into the parlor, and there sat Celia—quietly practicing. Hearing the noise, she glanced quickly around, and beheld, as she thought, a negro. With one wild shriek she turned and fled upstairs.

Poor Jack stood bewildered in the middle of the floor. "Well of all idiotic things! Now what the deuce is the matter with Celia? Maybe she's lost her mind"—but the soliloquy was never finished. Suddenly Jack caught sight of his black face in the mirror above the mantle. "What the deuce—am I dreaming?" But it was no dream; there was the black face in the mirror before him. "This is some of that Frank's work—Celia must think I'm a fool! He shall pay for this! The impudent puppy!" and Jack departed in a towering rage.

In the meantime Bob Ainsley and Frank stood on the parade ground, laughing and talking over the joke on Jack.

"Gee! Didn't he look scared! I can just see him tear his hair when he finds out; can't you, Ainsley?"

"You bet! I say, old fellow, suppose you run over to Celia's and see the fun. I'd go but I have a class. Come round and tell me all about it. This is the best ever," and with a roar of laughter, Ainsley ran across the campus.

"Ainsley's a trump! Well, I'm going to slip up to the parlor window and see how Celia and the Ethiopian Jack are progressing. This is rich!"

About fifteen minutes later, after the excitement at Celia's home had abated, and after a search of the grounds, stables, and houses had been made by the groom and the butler, the girl, slightly pale, but otherwise none the worse for the scare, sat in a wicker chair near the library table. Hearing footsteps on the gravel walk, she glanced up inquiringly, just in time to see a slender young negro man, presumably the same that had frightened her before, stealthily approaching the window. He was creeping along on his hands and knees, his face distorted with malicious laughter. The breath caught in her throat for one awful second, then with a scream she flew across the library into the hall, and up the stairs into her mother's room.

In the meantime, the "slender young negro man," none other than Frank, was making a bee line for his room in Jefferson Hall. It occurred to him that something must have been radically wrong with his appearance to have caused Celia to act as she did. He rushed into his room, and there stood Jack with a mirror in his hand. Frank snatched it from him, and glanced at his reflection. Impulsively the Freshman's right arm shot out and gave the Sophomore a stinging blow between the eyes. This was enough for the already enraged Frank. The blow was equivalent to a challenge. Arrangements were speedily made, in consequence, for the fight, which the two angry boys agreed should take place that afternoon at four, just back of the parade ground.

In an open stretch of greensward between the high and the ragged woods, Frank awaited impatiently the bugle call, which meant that Math recitation was over, and that Jack would join him shortly. A few seconds later, a tall, white-faced, determined looking fellow dodged around a break in the hedge, and both boys, without speaking, began hauling off their sweaters. They stationed themselves for the start, and Jack, the slighter of the two, hopping nimbly about, placed a good blow on Frank's upper arm. But Frank returned it with a generous cuff on the head; then both boys began to get warmed up.

From the hedge peered a row of interested faces; for though the two had tried to keep the quarrel a secret, it was generally known that there would be some result, and the other fellows had been on the lookout for trouble. Suddenly Guy Travers, a friend of Frank's, appeared, excitedly waving a white envelope. He dashed through the break in the hedge and up to the boys, exclaiming breathlessly, "Well, of all the freaks existing, you two are the most peculiar in captivity! Cease besieging the citadel and read what I've brought." Catching Frank's arm, Guy held him by main force, while Pierce Withers, a friend of Jack's, treated the latter likewise. Both boys, grumbling and muttering against what they called "unwarranted interference," listened unwillingly while Guy tore open the envelope and read oratorically:

"MESSRS. FRANK WORTHINGTON AND JACK BOYD.

Dear Frank and Jack:

Perhaps the signature below will surprise you a little. Well, we've tried to keep it a secret, anyway. Bobbie said you must forgive him, and each other, for he has forgiven you for all past scores. He also sends his very best regards. We leave tonight for New York.

Hoping that the shoe polish will wear off soon, I am,

Sincerely yours,

MRS. BOB AINSLEY.

Frank was the first to speak. "Gee whiz! and has that Bob Ainsley really married *our Celia*?"

"Holy smoke! Just my luck though! I—er—er—kinder suspected this all along, didn't you, Frank?"

LOIS DAVIS.



Child Labor in Virginia Intermont College

CHILD LABOR! Have you ever heard of child labor in colleges? The twentieth century philanthropists have been much absorbed with the problem in connection with factories and coal mines, but they have entirely overlooked the atrocities committed at Virginia Intermont College.

Consider for a moment the pitiable status of present affairs. Here, we have girls from sixteen to twenty years of age, who are blighting their young lives by too much study and too little recreation. They study from seven o'clock until half past nine without stopping—unless they have occasional visitors or wish to borrow a book. This last feat, however, is almost an impossibility, since it requires as much ingenuity as the tactics of a general on the battlefield to outwit the rule, "No borrowing or lending during study hour." Moreover, these poor children have only nine and one-half hours sleep, as they must arise at *seven twenty-five* to eat the outrageously early breakfast at half past seven. When breakfast is over, they go to their rooms which must be in perfect order in the space of fifteen minutes. Next come the chapel exercises, during which they must listen to a long talk of at least ten minutes. This tires their overtaxed brains exceedingly before they even go to their classes. Yet in each class they sit for sixty whole minutes, striving to appear attentive, while the teacher, endeavoring to conduct a recitation, pricks their intellects with her needle tongue. Besides this, they have entirely too little recreation. Walking on the campus, dancing after dinner, having gymnastics only four times a week, playing basket ball, and taking walks occasionally, are positively the only forms of exercise in which they indulge. You can readily imagine the effect such long, hard study hours and so little recreation must have upon them.

On all sides one can see results. Pale, thin, tired-looking girls are observed dragging their weary feet up and down the campus walk or sitting dejectedly on the steps, while they endeavor to think of a subject for a theme which must be handed in the next day. If conditions do not change, what will these girls be ten years from now? I fancy some of them will be inhabiting insane asylums, others occupying wards in a hospital, or even some will be in Elysian fields where *Brewster*, *Newcomer*, and *Herrick and Damon* will never enter.

What is to be done to remedy these conditions? The system of the school should certainly be revolutionized. These poor, down-trodden girls should have to study only one hour each day, or less, if they feel so inclined. Besides, they should be allowed to sleep until they awake of their own accord; then breakfast should be served in their rooms. Again, they should spend about fifteen minutes hearing teachers recite each lesson.

Outside of the recitation hours, they should not be barred by rules and regulations, but should be allowed to bask in the sunshine of Free Will. Later, if they should go home pale and wornout, the conscience of the principal and teachers would be at peace, for they would have done their duty, and child labor in Virginia Intermont College would be a thing of the past.



Harrisonian Literary Society

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Debate



Resolved, That rats, switches and hobble skirts should be abolished.

Affirmative.

The question before us is, that rats, switches and hobble skirts should be abolished. With aforesaid articles we are all familiar—some of us very familiar. Many may protest against the subject at a first glance, but the mind needs only to be awakened to the absurdity of the frivolity to be convinced.

Why should rats be abolished? They are a menace to the health of woman. Again the question, why? How many of us know the source from which our rats come? May they not be the hair removed from the mane of some animal, which perhaps lived in unclean surroundings? May they not be made of the dusty remnants from some clothing mill where goods of a texture resembling hair is manufactured? May they not be made from the hair of human beings? If the latter instance is true, the person from whom the hair was obtained, very likely did not have means with which to purchase the necessities of life else they would never have parted with woman's crowning glory—hair. Such persons are kept busy slaving for a livelihood and cannot spare time to give proper attention to their hair and scalp. Year in and year out they do not give their hair a shampoo. Yet we wear this hair.

Physicians have for many years been striving to impress upon the public mind the fact that filth breeds disease germs. Most of the American people, with their characteristic alacrity, have accepted this as true and have gone to work, as far as lies in their power, with an aim toward sanitation in everything. But the question of cleanliness in regard to our rats seems to have been too small a matter for consideration. In my mind, however, anything that carries contagious disease germs is of the utmost importance. That rats are, in a measure, unclean and that they contain germs, cannot be doubted. Their cheapness alone is proof enough of the source from which they come. Note this instance: An article recently published in the Nashville Banner, records the death of a young woman from a disease caused by wearing an infected rat. My opponent may say that this is a rare incident. Granting that point, however, is not even one death a sufficient reason that we should taboo these articles? It is true that death may not always be the result, but in many instances a bodily illness is caused which may last throughout the remainder of one's life, thus making mere existence wretched.

Another reason for laying aside our rats is, that they are not made of washable material. They, like any other articles which are used constantly, will in time become dirty. But how many of us give them a thorough cleaning once a month or even semi-annually? How can we be so heedless?

Of course, everyone has heard and seen the letters R. S. V. P. Did it occur to any of you that the meaning of this abbreviation was, Rats Show Very Plainly? How much happier and how much more at ease we could be, were we not constantly worrying about our rats, because a vague fear haunts us that they may be visible.

One of the strongest reasons for our discarding the abominable article is, that it would do away with the enormous hats which are a curse to mankind and which have rendered traveling a most embarrassing experience. We can never make travel a comfort while such hats are in vogue, and I fear that while rats last the hats will also.

The last reason for abolishing the said articles is, that by heating the scalp they cause the loss of hair. To see that this is true, you have only to look around you. You observe many of your friends who once possessed heavy suits of hair, now have barely enough to cover their rats. A woman's hair is her greatest adornment, yet by degrees she is allowing herself to be robbed of it. I feel safe in predicting, if rats continue to be such a fad as they are at the present day, that within fifty years, the American woman will probably be the possessor of two strands of hair.

The same points which I have given for rats will hold good for switches, but one or two more may be added. The Chinaman no longer clings to his cue with such tenacity as he once did; sometimes he sells his hair or gives it away. From these discarded cues switches are made. The Chinese are not sanitary; moreover, they do not know how to protect themselves from disease. There, again, we run a risk in buying hair. Again, many switches are taken from the dead in medical schools, where no one cares what becomes of the body or the hair. Not only is it taken from the corpse but, in many cases, from those who are ill with fever. My opponent may say that switches are absolutely necessary for persons who have very little hair. Perhaps so, but we must remember, as I have said before, that false hair causes loss of hair, though it may temporarily supply the scarcity. Do not worry about some way to arrange your hair when you lay aside the switch. Let me give you a suggestion. The style is coming from fashionable centers of Europe to shingle the hair. If you do not care to do this, I refer you to the Ladies' Home Journal in which you will find some very becoming styles for arranging your tresses and directions of how it should be done.

Listen to this stanza:

"There was a young lady named Rich,
Who heard a great snoring, at which
She took off her hat
And found that her rat
Had fallen asleep at the switch."

Should you like to have this bit of verse applied to you?

There is a story told of a young man who asked his bride, as they were starting on their honeymoon, whether she would have her hair expressed or take it with her. Would you like for your Prince Charming to ask you that question? Then do not give him the opportunity.

Coming to the last part of our question, hobble skirts, why shouldn't they be abolished? Why should we, the Anglo-Saxon race, the most enlightened people on the globe, we who lead the world in politics, literature, and religion, stoop to follow the frivolous French people in the matter of dress? Yet, if the Parisians should declare that snakes for the neck be the fashion, some of us would lay aside a string of pearls and put on the snake. So the French have decreed that we wear hobble skirts and we obediently *hobble* about as best we can. With the present rapid modes of traveling they are inconvenient and unsafe. They are a nuisance when one tries to board a fast trolley car or train. We often read that girls are badly wounded or killed because they could not avoid a car or automobile on account of a hobble skirt. The garment is not even pretty. The Chinese with their disfigured feet, walk with as much grace as a woman dressed in one of these skirts. Therefore if hobble skirts are neither comfortable nor pretty why should they be worn?

Since I have proved that rats are unclean, that switches cause loss of hair, and that hobble skirts are dangerous, how can we do otherwise than abolish them?

PEARL NELSON.



Negative

The question to be discussed—Resolved, that rats, braids and hobble skirts should be abolished—is one of grave importance. My honorable opponent has attempted to show, in her feeble manner, that they should be abolished. But should they? No, most emphatically no! My fair opponent has appeared without a rat, a switch, or a hobble skirt, and who, after looking at her, would not say, "From this plague and pestilence, good Lord, deliver us."

Rats should be worn because they add to the personal appearance of the wearer. It is a woman's duty to look as well as she can and the arrangement of the hair adds three-fourths of the attractiveness to a woman's appearance. And what could be a more appropriate frame for a pretty face than a soft roll of fluffy hair? If my honorable opponent is to lay any claims to beauty, with her two strands of hair slicked back like a man's silk hat so that even a glance drives a fly to suicide, she will have to wear a larger bow of ribbon than she is accustomed to wearing.

There is one occasion when I will admit that it is not only proper but expedient to leave off rats and switches, and that time is when a happy (?) possessor of five and one-half demerits wakes Sunday morning with the breakfast bell. But when she is dressed to receive her very best beau, does she wish to look as she does when she has dressed in five minutes for breakfast? Another reason why I advocate the continued use of rats and switches is because, in improving the appearance of old maids and making them look younger, they help to marry them off. As there are so many of them in the United States, I think we should do all we can to help them along—not remove our rats and lay them in their way for stumbling blocks.

My opponent has said that rats and switches are a menace to the health of the wearer, and has cited one little incident where the health was injured. In return, I can give many where the person's health was positively ruined by removing her false hair. The danger of the public drinking cup is insignificant as compared with the danger in removing the rats from the hair. The perils of tuberculosis dwindle into nothingness when thought of in the same connection with the danger of removing the rats. I will give you one example, and I can as-

sure you that there are many more cases as bad, to show that rats should not be removed. Right here at our own dear Virginia Institute seven teachers became so intellectual and learned that they thought it wise to discard rats and switches. In less than a week all seven had developed pronounced cases of pneumonia—caused by cold heads, and now six of them have passed away and the other one is in a hospital awaiting death, which her fond family expect at any time.

My opponent has told you that they cause loss of hair. That should have been considered when rats were first introduced. Since we have lost our own hair we have to buy other to put on in its place.

The small hats my fair opponent advocates are not so small but there is ample room under them for large rats. Indeed, they are made to wear over rats, and let my opponent try one without a rat and she will see a beautiful sight.

My greatest argument is perhaps some true stories which show that they are not only beneficial, but life savers in some instances. The names, dates and places will be given to anyone who will ask for them at my private office after leaving here. One of our Virginia Institute girls had gone to Emory to attend public debate. While at dinner, a waiter spilled a cup of hot chocolate over her head, but she happened to wear a rat in her hair or she would have been badly burned.

A Virginia Institute girl fell from a fourth floor window on her head. If it had not been for her rat she would surely have been killed. As it was she sustained only a slight shock and a great scare, and was able to be out of her room within a week.

That hobble skirts are indispensable, and very important articles in a lady's wardrobe is forcibly shown in this true story. A bevy of girls were to attend a dance. It was on the third floor. They all wore hobble skirts and could not walk up the steps. Therefore, each girl's partner carried her up. "Think of what the girls would have missed if they had worn the skirts my opponent advocates! Shall I say that you will wear a hobble skirt to the next dance?

We need only take a kaleidoscopic view of some of the many reasons why the hobble skirts should be worn to be fully convinced of their worth. First, they are in fashion, and we must have the latest style. Has Sophocles not said in his tragedy *Antigone*, "Better be out of the world than out of Fashion." How true it is! No really feminine being can ever for a minute think of wearing an old fashioned gown. Would you wear an old dress to the reception tomorrow? Ah, I see the shame, indignation on your face. You would stay at home first. Besides, they have proved so popular that the latest styles of hairdressing is called "hobbled." Were there no other reason for wearing hobble skirts they should be worn for the sake of economy. It does not take half the material to make the hobble skirt as it does the one with numerous pleats and ruffles. And what young lady of marriageable age does not desire to appear economical.

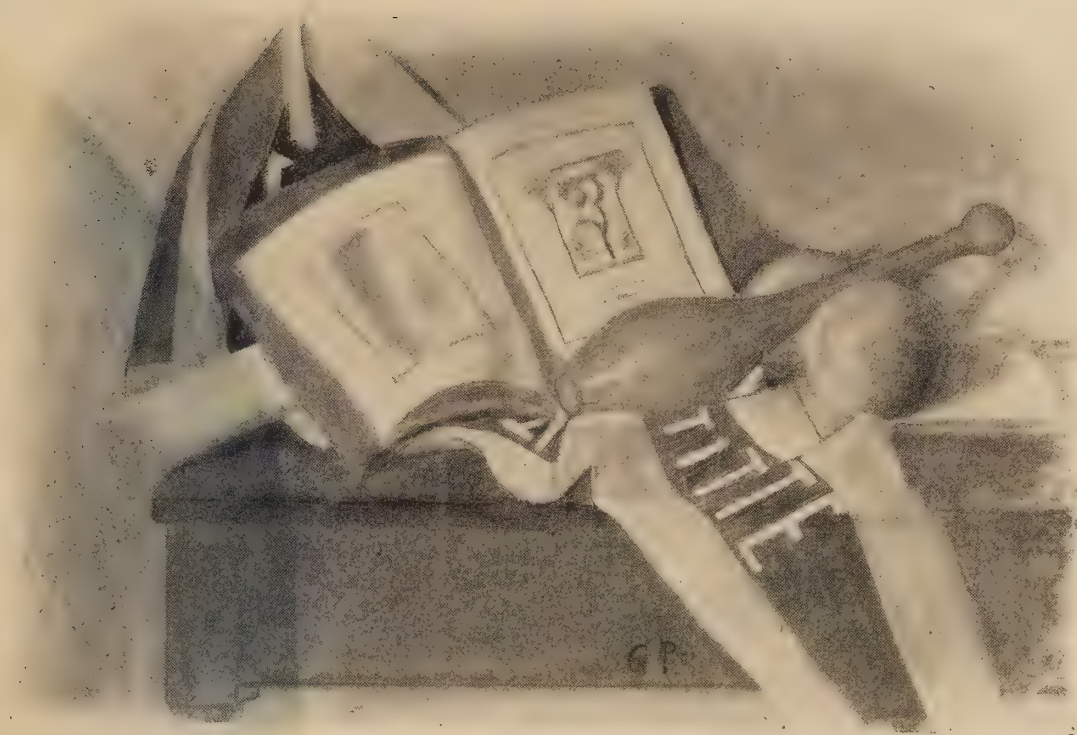
In the third place, it prevents the rapid strides which women have taken up of late. American women are criticized for their rapid walk, which is so ungraceful. Our grandmothers did not need to wear hobble skirts to make them take dainty, little steps, but Miss Spigener can testify that the Virginia Institute girls need them, for didn't she especially request us to wear them to the gymnasium, the day we danced the minuet?

A man hit his wife on the head with a hammer. Her rat saved her life.

A ship was sinking in mid ocean. No help was nigh. It looked as if all would be lost. One woman had a brilliant idea, and imparted it to her companions, whereupon all the women removed their hats and made life preservers of them. The women were all saved—the men drowned. The style to shingle the hair must have started over in the same ship, for it never arrived.

In view of the evidence just given it is shown how necessary rats, switches and hobble skirts are, and I think you will agree with me that they should never be abolished.

DENTON MCKEE.





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DAVIS



MORRIS



WHITE



Shumate



ZIEGLER



COVINGTON



CONN



MORRIS



ROBINSON

THOMAS

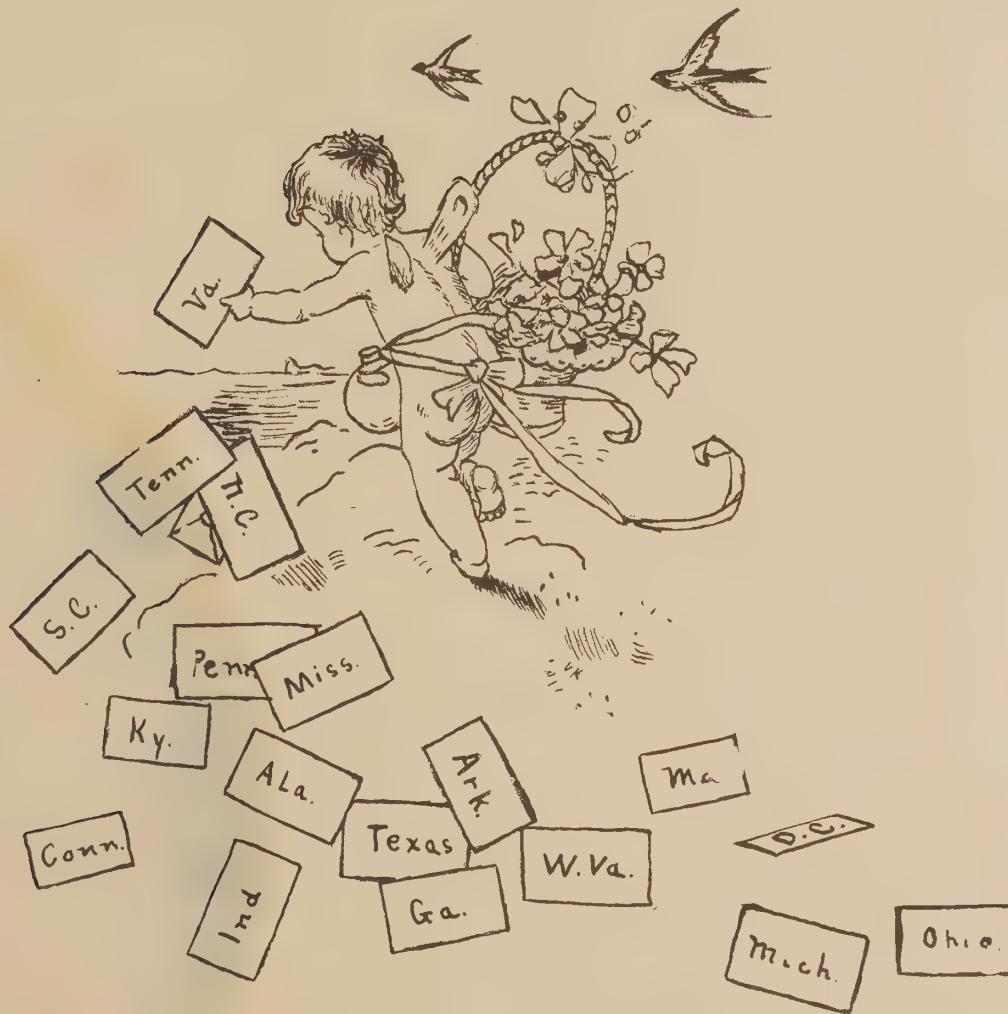
Members D. W. C. A.

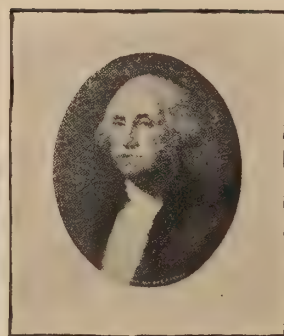


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GLADYS EDRINGTON
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LULINE FORTUNE
ANNA FULLER
LILLIAN FRY
MRS. GALBRAITH
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STATE CLUBS





Virginia Club

FLOWER

Virginia Creeper

COLORS

Orange and Black

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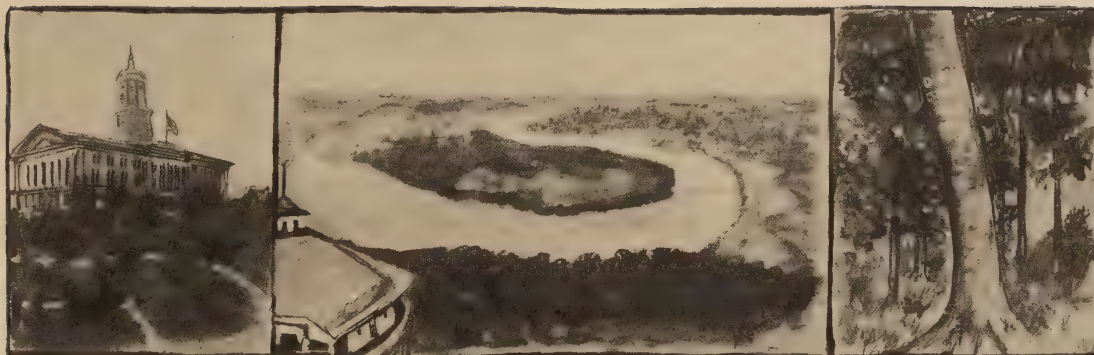
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PROF. SCHROETTER

PROF. EDMONDSON

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MARY NOFSINGER	EVELYN LYLE	HETTIE SLEAR
KATHLEEN NYE	MILA LEWIS	



TENNESSEE

Club



COLORS

Orange and White

FLOWER

Tulip

MOTTO

Simplicity, Sincerity and Success

OFFICERS

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ANNIE WHITE	Secretary and Treasurer

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MR. HENDERSON	MISS HATTIE STOKELY
MRS. HENDERSON	MISS BERT HALL

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CAROLINE ALDRICH	ELIZABETH STOKELY	SELMA HARMON
PEARL NELSON	ZOLA CRUZE	

Mississippi Club



FLOWER
Magnolia

COLOR
Yellow and White

MOTTO
"Nostrae, Civitatis Fama Semper Vivat"

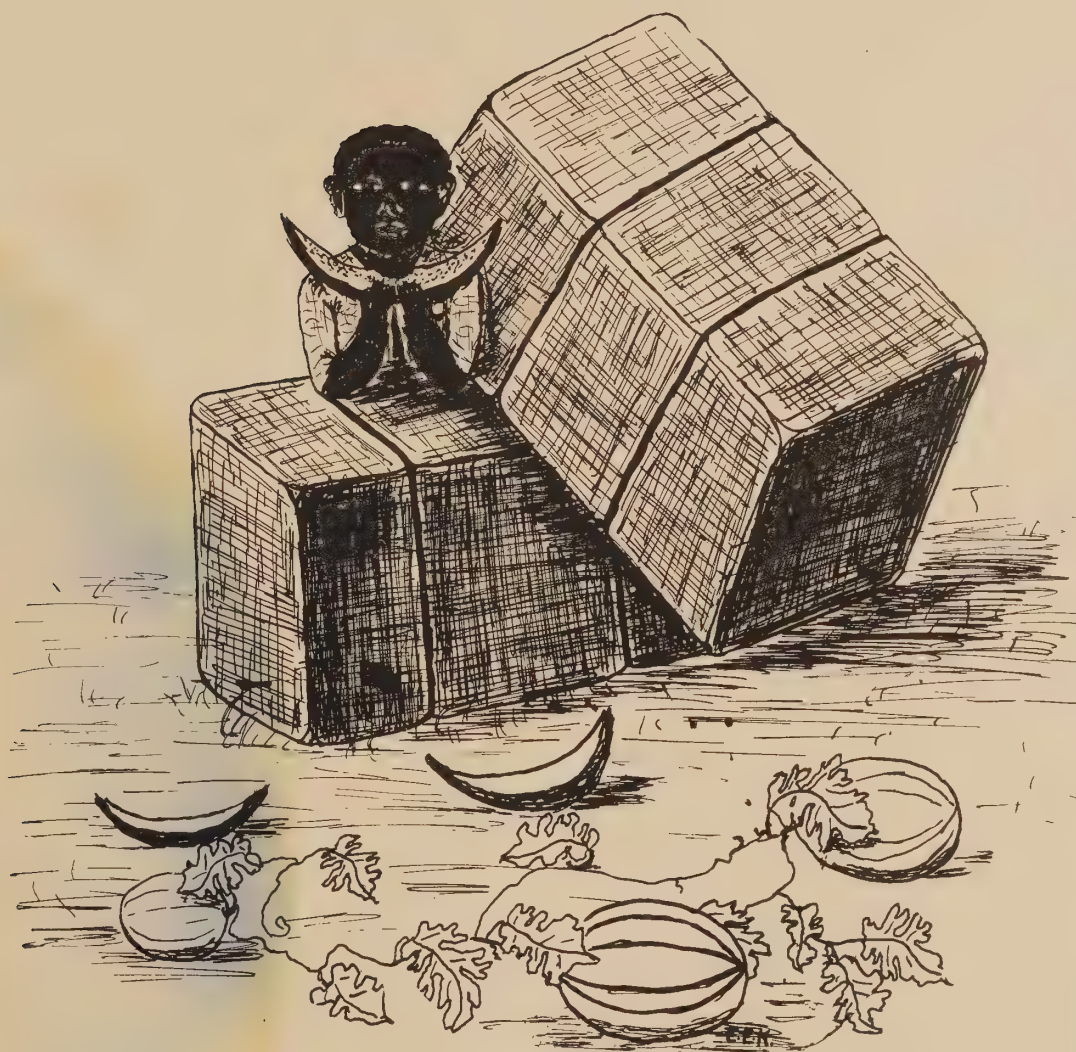
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MOLLIE HEATH CONN	Hazlehurst
ERA CONEY	Hazlehurst
EDNA EARL KING	Greenwood
HELEN MCGHEE	Meridian
ANNIE MONTGOMERY	Yazoo City
ETHEL ROBINSON	Greenwood
WILLIE SMITH	Meridian

MISSISSIPPI.





FLOWER
Golden Rod

COLORS
Green and White

Carolina Club



MOTTO
Multum in Parvo

OFFICERS

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LUCILE PASS	<i>Vice-President</i>
SARAH SPIGENER	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

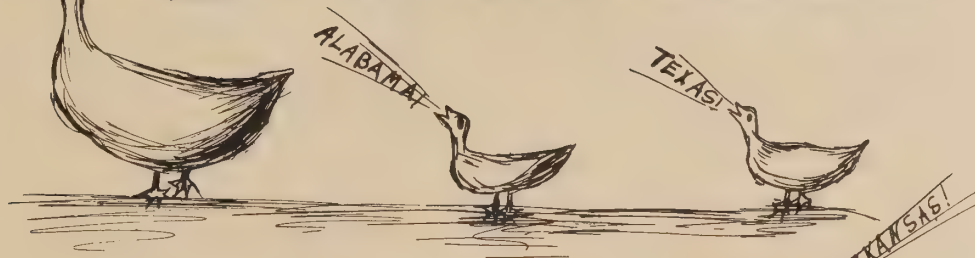
MARGUERITE BRIGGS	North Carolina
CORINNE PUTNAM	South Carolina
LUCILE PASS	North Carolina
ELIZABETH MARSHALL	South Carolina
HELEN BRIGGS	North Carolina
SARAH SPIGENER	South Carolina
FRIEDA COOPER	South Carolina
JENNIE SPIGENER	South Carolina

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MR. AND MRS. PUTNAM

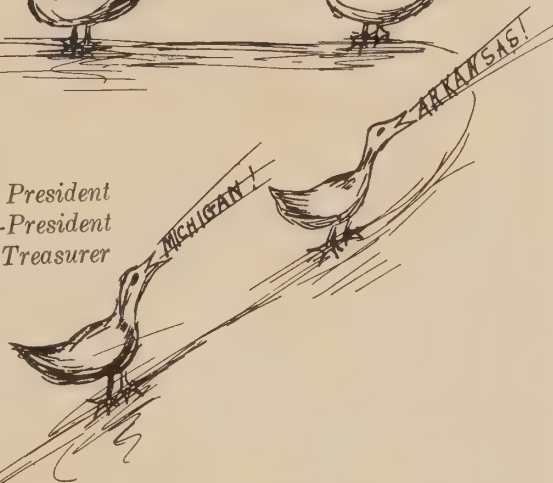
MISS MARION ELIZABETH SPIGENER

STRAGGLERS



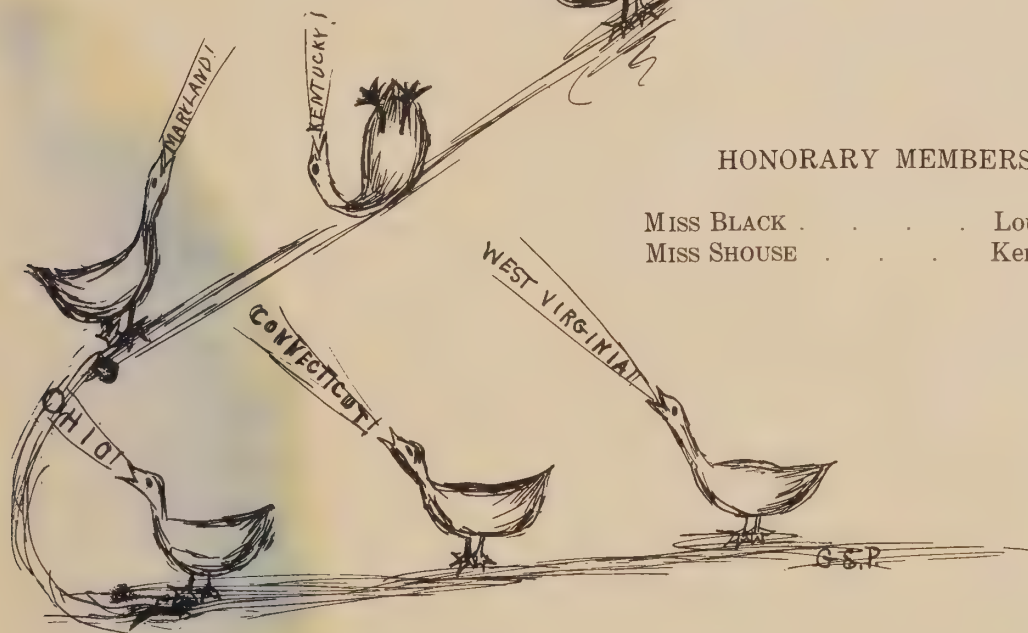
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MISS BLACK	Louisiana
MISS SHOUSE	Kentucky



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CLAIRE POWELL	Alabama	MARGARET SCHWATKA	Maryland
RAY BURKHALTER	Arkansas	CLAUDIA RUCKER	District of Cloumbia
WILLIE JOHNSTON	West Virginia		

A Festival



HERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Bristol's select crowd had gathered then,
Her beauty, her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone over fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
In joy fair maids beheld their lover swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again
And all went merry as a wedding bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—Oh, such a shriek,
Unfortunate victim of H. B. D. C.
An icy hand staid him as he did seek
To escape the phantom, horrible to see,
The Specter all confined by rattling chains
And stretched upon a ghastly, death-like bier,
With cheeks all pale. The brave adoring swains
Rushed out in haste to leave a place where a spirit reigns.

At the fish each one tried his fisherman's luck,
Things so marvelous, so wonderful
And fine, to that successful hook had struck
In gaiety and fun there came no lull!
To bite the hanging apples then and pull
(The maidens dressed in costumes gay to see)
Them down to give your lady beautiful.
The gypsies told the things that are to be
In marvelous accents given and yet so truthfully.

The early hour beheld them full of life,
That eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
But later brought the room bell's sound of strife.
The maidens must to their lovers good-bye say;
And then there were sudden partings such as press
The lips from out young hearts, oh, woe the day!
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress;
How sad and piteous was the leaving none could guess.

HALL°WE'EN







Tau Sigma Delta

MOTTO
"Nomen Omen"

COLORS
Violet and Gold

FLOWER
Violet

SORORES

MARY REED COVINGTON	Kentucky
RHEA LESTER	Virginia
HELEN MCGHEE	Mississippi
JENNICE MCAFEE	Georgia
MABEL MORRIS	Tennessee
ANNIE WHITE	Tennessee
HELEN ZEIGLER	Alabama

SORORES IN FACULTATE

ELIZABETH MCCHESNEY	Virginia
KATIE SUE MORRIS	Tennessee





F. C. G. Club



FLOWER
Lily-of-the-valley

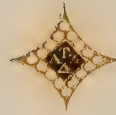
COLORS
Pink and Gray

MOTTO
"Find out all you can"

MEMBERS
LULA PUCKETT
SUSIE LITZ
RUTH PUCKETT
EULA ESSARY

NICKNAMES
Topsy
Toney
Terry
Topsy

CHIEF OCCUPATION
Being in midnight feasts
Swiping rolls
Visiting during study hour
Skipping gymn



Alpha Tau Zeta

Ζωή μου σ' ἀγαπῶ

COLORS
Yellow and White

FLOWER
Daisy

SORORES

ANNIE MERLLE BARBER	Mississippi
ARCHIE CATCHING	Mississippi
ERA CONEY	Mississippi
MOLLIE HEATH CONN	Mississippi
LOIS DAVIS	Tennessee
LULINE FORTUNE	Texas
EVELYN LYLE	Virginia
MARGARET PEED	Virginia
JENNIE SPIGENER	South Carolina
SARAH SPIGENER	South Carolina

PLEDGED

ANNIE MONTGOMERY	Mississippi
EDNA EARL KING	Mississippi

HONORARY MEMBER

MR. S. T. SCHROETTER







Memphis Special Club



MOTTO

Use your eyes, child

EMBLEM

Red Quill

SONG

Homeward Bound

FAVORITE EXPRESSION

"Who's the man with the box of Huylers?"

MEMBERS

ANNIE MONTGOMERY	.	"Monty"
LOIS DAVIS	.	"Lorey"
EDNA EARL KING	.	"Billy"
ETHEL ROBERTSON	.	"Chappy"
ADDIE TERRELL	.	"Terry"

Phi Sigma Gamma



Συνὸδ σκαυ τὸν

COLORS

White and Gold

FLOWER

Lily-of-the-valley

SORORES

CORINNE PUTNAM	South Carolina
MARGARET SCHWATKA	Maryland
ANNA LEE DINGLEDINE	Virginia
IRENE OBERLIN	Tennessee
SELMA HARMON	Tennessee
PEARL PENDLETON	Virginia
MARGARET DINGLEDINE	Virginia
EULA WILLING	Tennessee



Bridget Club



MOTTO
"Don't Bridget"

PASSWORD
Beware of the Blackhand

OFFICERS

LOIS DAVIS	<i>President</i>
JENICE MCAFEE	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

LOIS DAVIS	MARGARET BRIGGS
HELEN FAY BRIGGS	ADDIE TERRELL
EVELYN LYLE	GRACE THOMAS
JENICE MCAFEE	ANNIE MONTGOMERY
JENNIE SPIGENER	LUCILE PASS
ERA CONEY	SARAH SPIGENER
SARAH THOMAS	



Les Chattes Noires



MOTTO

Do Everything and Everybody

SONG

We Won't Go Home 'Till Morning

CHIEF OCCUPATION

Chasing Rats

COLORS

Black and White

MEETING PLACE

Brick-bat Alley

MEMBERS

ADDIE TERRELL	<i>Prevaricator</i>
EDNA EARL KING	<i>Key-hole Guard</i>
ETHEL MAE ROBERTSON	<i>Provider of Refreshments</i>
HELEN FAY BRIGGS	<i>Bureau of Information</i>
HELEN FAY GRIGSBY	<i>"Joker"</i>
MARGUERITE BRIGGS	<i>Chief Schemer</i>
ANNIE GIBSON MONTGOMERY	<i>Secretary of Mischief</i>





F. B. C. Club



Soprano	MRS. BUTTINSKY
Alto	CUTEY BUTTINSKY
Tenor	BABY BUTTINSKY
Bass	MR. BUTTINSKY

German Club

*

L. FORTUNE	MISS CATCHING
C. POWELL	MISS MORRIS
C. RUCKER	MISS PUTNAM
G. POWELL	MISS HARGRAVE
M. BRIGGS	MISS MCAFEE
H. BRIGGS	MISS SPIGENER
F. GRIGSBY	MISS CONEY
M. R. COVINGTON	MISS MCGHEE
E. E. KING	MISS CONN
H. ZEIGLER	MISS BARBER
E. BURNETT	MISS BURKHALTER
E. ESSARY	MISS PUCKETT
M. PEED	MISS LYLE
S. HARMON	MISS SCHWATKA
E. ROBINSON	MISS MONTGOMERY
E. MARSHALL	MISS CRUZE
S. SPIGENER	MISS DAVIS
I. OBERLIN	MISS STOKELY
G. EDRINGTON	MISS HALLER
R. PUCKETT	MISS ALDRICH
P. PENDLETON	MISS TERRELL
L. PASS	MISS THOMAS



Miss Aldrich
R. Pucket



Miss Hargrave
G. Powell



Miss Davis
S. Spigener



Miss Schwatka
S. Harmon



Miss Gruge
C. Marshall



Miss Catching
L. Fortune



Miss Stokely
J. Oberlin



Miss Puckett
E. Gentry



Miss Burkehalter
E. Burnett



Miss Putnam
C. Rucker



Miss Haller
G. Edrington



Miss Terrell
P. Pendleton



Miss Morris
C. Powell



Miss J. Spigener
H. Briggs



Miss Conely
F. Briggs



Miss Thomas
L. Pass



Miss Conn
E. King



Miss Montgomery
E. Robertson



Miss McGhee
M. Covington



Miss McGhee
M. Briggs



Miss Lyle
M. Feca



Miss Barker
H. Geigley

Porch Club



FLOWER
Virginia Creeper

COLORS
Variegated

SONG
Come Be My Sun Shine, Dearie

EMBLEMS
Duster, Dustpan, and Broom

TIME OF MEETING
*In the moonlight, sunlight or by the
light of a candle*

CHIEF HOBBY
Fresh Air

MEMBERS

LAUGHING MABEL	Who sings
GIGGLING GLADYS	Who sleeps
HAPPY NAN	Who sweeps every day
JOYOUS SARAH	Who studies sometimes
SMILING GRACE	Who's never at home
PLEASANT HELEN	Who works Trig
AMIALE KATE	Who rocks
FUNNY MOLL	Who does nothing





Fourth Floor Angels



RENDEZVOUS

Fourth Floor Study Hall

FAVORITE SPORT

Leap Frog

RECREATION HOUR

10-11 P. M.

SONG

We used to be afraid to go home in the dark, but now we are 'fraid to go home in the light

Cherubim

FAVORITE OCCUPATION

MATTIE JOHNSTON	Crushing
HETTIE SLEAR	Gazing toward the freight depot
SARAH SPIGENER	Buying shoes
JENNIE SPIGENER	Gazing in the mirror
RUBY ROBINSON	Going crazy
FAY GRIGSBY	Sleeping out
PEARL PENDLETON	Fighting rats
DENTON MCKEE	Flirting out the window

Eight little girls, living up near heaven;
One fell down the steps, then there were seven.
Seven little girls always playing tricks;
One got caught, then there were six.
Six little girls, everyone alive;
One drowned in the bath-tub, then there were five.
Five little girls, rooming on fourth floor;
One moved to second, then there were four.
Four little girls, in a feast *would* be;
One ate too much, then there were three.
Three little girls, feeling very blue;
One went home, then there were two.
Two little girls, no lessons done;
One flunked on "Trig," then there was one.
One little girl, loved by everyone;
She got married, then there were none.



I



II



III



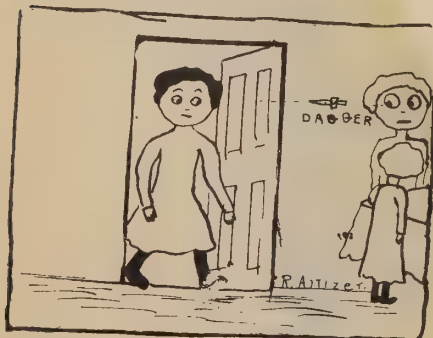
IV



V



VI



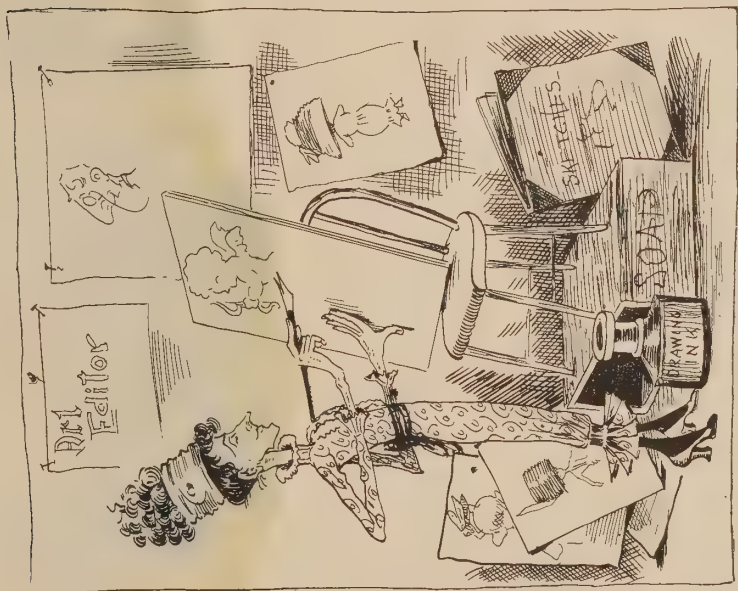
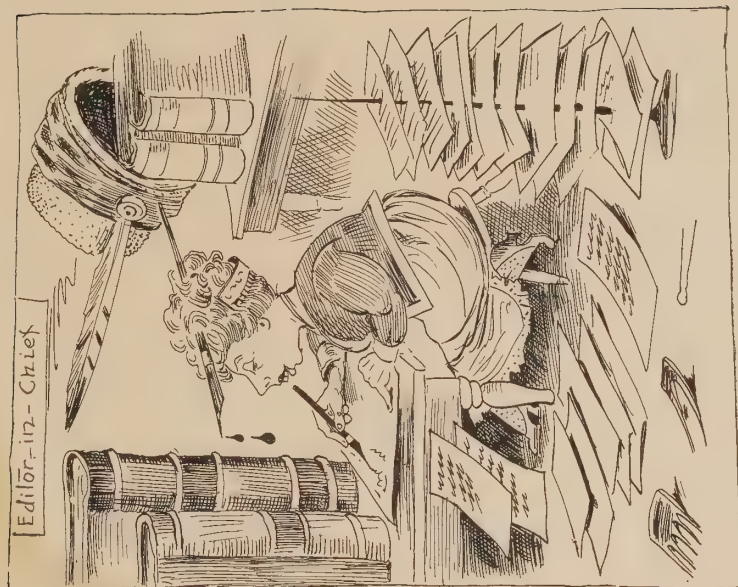
VII

"On the Way
to
Breakfast"

An Epistle to Woe

SHUT, shut the door, Mabel dear, fatigued I said;
If any innocents, say I'm sick, I'm dead!
The Freshman rages since 'tis let out,
Her "dream" is poor beyond a doubt.
Fire in each eye, papers in each hand,
The Sophomores madly rave and command;
What walls can guard; what spirit relieve
As they bring their toasts to make me grieve.
No rest remains; not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath day for me.
Then from the room walks forth the girl-of-rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner time!
Each flies to me with her mightier strain,
Appeals to me to read this one again,
And the poor Junior sees her art turned down,
Blaming the editor-in-chief with threatening frown.
A dire dilemma! either way I say,
For praise or blame I get my pay
In honest anguish and an aching head
As I sit in sad civility, most dead.
Bless me! a drama—'Tis a Senior sues—
A virgin tragedy—an orphan muse!
"If I dislike it"—Furies, death and rage;
"If I commend"—It is sent to the stage.
There (thank my stars) the awful trouble ends,
The Seniors and I are no *special* friends.
Pains, time and study! Excuses are immense
To fill this Annual with sheer nonsense!
When I refuse all fume, roar, stamp and chafe
And vow, the teacher said 'twas safe,
Peace to all such: There are few whose fires
True genius kindles and fair fame inspires;
There are the few who to me pay their court.
They say *I'm great*, tho' I'm fat and short.
When crude writers for flattery make demand
Must I send such fruits into all the land?
To be ridiculed as "Faults of Pen"
And to be asked who has your editor been?
Alike my blame, if I succeed or fail
In choosing material for all to hail!
But if this be done, leave me to engage
Musing o'er the Annual page by page.
Whether this blessing be denied or given,
I did my best! Leave the rest to heaven!

H. J. A.



Echoes From the Campus



Lady Macbeth: We are going to have an informal tonight and I can talk to—
Socrates: Sugar water makes them stay in beautifully—
Hamlet: Well, Mr. Flannigan wouldn't turn on the hot water and—
Joan of Arc: No, she's crushing on Mr. ———
Marie Antoinette: Why, she even asked me what—
Ophelia: My room's so cold I'm—
George Washington: And I've got so much to do I'm as crazy as—
Savonarola: Mine's so hobbled I can't walk but—
Venus: If I had some batter-cakes—
Cicero: They just cost \$1.50—
Queen Elizabeth: Has the mail been delivered yet?
Sophocles: And I thought the yellow negro had me—
Demosthenes: Send for Mrs. Zeigler. I have a pebble in my throat—
Desdemonia: We won't get caught; they are all playing "rook."
Little Nell: I saw him up on top of the fire wagon—
Minerva: Mrs. Murrell warned her about that half a demerit but—
Shakespeare: I haven't heard about my thesis and I'm simply scared—
Portia: When the fire broke out the girls all scattered and some grabbed—
Henry VIII: Ony two weeks, two days, four hours, forty minutes and fifteen seconds
until I get home—



ADDIE T. (in church, seeing some Episcopal girls bowed, praying)—“Oh, Margaret, are they sick?”

LULINE’S chief occupation—Catching the “Carr.”

Wanted by JENNICE—A bottle of “Sherry.”

MOLL—“What did the missionary lady talk about?”

MABEL (versed in Biblical lore)—“She took us about through the Garden of Olives. No, I mean the Mount of Gethsemane.”

CLAIRE—You sure can adapt yourself to circumstances.

MABEL—“Where is Moll?”

CLAIRE—“She’s gone on up to the room to perform her absolutions.”

MR. EDMONDSON was in Abingdon Saturday. The object of his trip was to close the contract for a “Wood.”

ROSA A.—“O, I know one date in history alright, and that is 1600, but, let me see—I’ve forgotten what happened then.”

HELEN MCG. (philosophizing)—“Today is March 22, and, just think, this time next winter it will soon be summer.”

GLADYS H. (coming upon Mary Reed and Gladys P. studying Comus)—“Gee, but I’m crazy to read Comus. I’ve heard it’s the cutest story!”

MOLL (in post-graduate English)—“This phrase is in opposition to that word.”

ADDIE (visiting the Presbyterian church on Communion Sunday)—“Mrs. Murrell, do I just *have* to take communion?”

NAN—“There, don’t you hurt that dress.”

GLADYS H.—“Well, you surely do have a menu for rags.”

MISS STOKELY had asked the class to bring in a list of literary men of the Victorian Age
JEANETTE had read her list of prose writers, then Mary Reed gave some poets.

JEANETTE anxiously spoke up—“Why, Miss Stokely, I thought you wanted literary men. not poets.”

MR. S. T. S. has lately invested in a “Morris” chair. This is mere hear-say, and we cannot vouch for the truth of the statement.

LILLIAN R. (on Washington’s birthday)—“Oh, are they going to dance the duet, tonight?”

LATIN TEACHER—“Ray, please take the next sentence.”

RAY B.—“I just can’t transfer that sentence.”

JEANETTE (after announcement that every girl should bring her Bible to chapel)—“Well, I haven’t a Bible, ’cause it didn’t call for one in the catalogue, and mother went right by the catalogue.”

KATE—“Was your theme accepted, Margaret?”

M.—“Naw.”

KATE—“Why?”

M.—“Diction wuzn’t no ’count.”

MR. EDMONDSON (in Physiology class)—“What is the pylorus?”

MARGARET P.—“It is the projection on the neck.”

EVELYN L.—“Oh, I got an unsigned telegram from Rob today!”

SARAH—“How do you know it was from him?”

EVELYN—“ ’Cause I recognized the handwriting.”

MATTIE (in a discussion of books in general)—“Oh, yes, and that book ‘Jean val Jean,’ who wrote that? Was it Kipling or Van Dyke?”

The physiology class was naming over common complaints to which the human race is heir, when Ray B. enthusiastically added, “Why, ingrowing corn-nails!”

KATE (speaking of the derivation of a word)—“Oh, it comes from the old language—San—San—. Oh, what is it?”

ELIZABETH (brilliantly)—“Yes, Sanhedrin.”

CLASSIC LORE

MISS HALL (in art room, standing before copy of cast of Dante)—“Oh, who *did* paint this picture of the devil?”

SARAH (coming home after debate at King College and speaking of Mr. Offield, one of the debaters)—“Well, I certainly did like Mr. Offspring.”

MISS REUBELT (to Annie Lee and Pearl P. chewing gum in chapel)—“Oh, girls, girls, you mustn’t chew gum in here.”

ANNA LEE—“I don’t know what to do with it, I can’t swallow it.”

PEARL—“I don’t know anything else to do except swallow it.”

MISS REUBELT (excitedly to A. L.)—“Anna Lee, give yours to Pearl and let her swallow it for you.”

Why is Moll’s favorite expression “Goody, goody, goody-goody—Koontz.”

A new wing will be added to the Institute. It is to be called “Smith-Hall.”

Seated one day in the Latin Room,
I was weary and ill at ease,
For my Pony had disappeared,
And my fingers missed its leaves.
I know not what I was playing
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one word from the Pony,
And from my heart came a great “amen.”
It flooded that classic room,
Like the closing of some barn door.
I sprang to my feet with a shout,
For there lay my horse on the floor.—EXCHANGE.

HEARD ON THE STREET.

MABEL—“There he is! Don’t you see him? The good-looking man walking on the outside, dressed in a light suit-case!”

Will some one please explain the meanings of “ouch,” “huh-uh,” and “uh-huh” to Mr Galbraith.

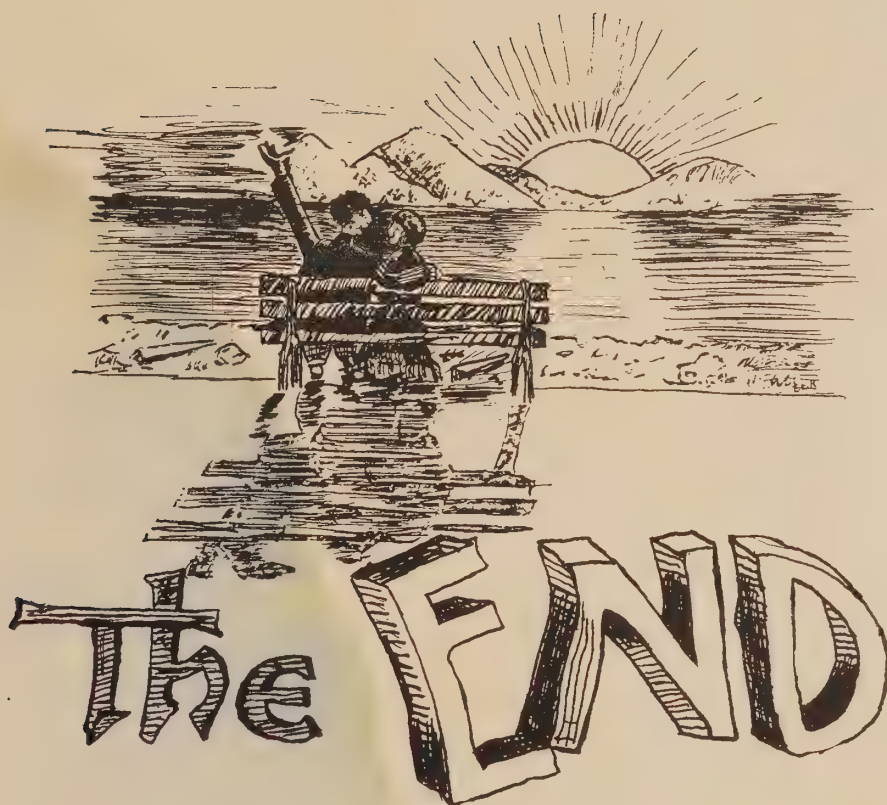
Worry, worry, little girl,
Till your head gets in a whirl;
I know your work is in a kink,
But that won’t help it out, I think.

Fret, fret, little maid,
And wrinkles on your brow are staid;
Don’t you see a frowning brow
Won’t work Trig nor show you how.

Weep, weep, little lass,
I'm afraid you will not pass;
You can't see clearly through your tears,
And crying won't dispel your fears.

Smile, smile, little dear,
All the world is bright and clear;
In all you do, do your best,
And then just laugh off all the rest.

A subdued, lame, crippled, blind old mule was slowly dragging after him a very much the worse for wear wagon, when Jennie spied it coming down the street. She wildly grabbed Evelyn by the arm, piteously crying out "Oh, Evelyn, please, *please* hurry or we'll be run over by that horse and buggy."



Want and Sale Department

In this department we publish a list of "youthful" applicants who have long since tired of a lonesome life and have turned their eyes toward the garden spot of the world, where no doubt, their wants will be hasitly supplied by their "Want" Ads. Rates and terms given upon application to the Advertising Editors of THE PENNANT.

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FOR SALE:—A man to "*A. Muse*" you.—A. MUSE.

FOR SALE:—One bunch of love letters.—JAMES LEFTWICH.

FOR SALE:—A treatise on "*Fletcherism.*"—EUGENE FLETCHER.

WANTED:—A girl with talking blue eyes.—SAM HOGE.

WANTED:—Somebody to love me.—CLYDE BROWN.

WANTED:—Any kind of a girl.—W. WOLFORD.

WANTED:—A girl as slender as a "*Reid.*"—DONALD STANT.

WANTED:—A Kentucky thoroughbred.—GEORGE D. HELMS.

WANTED:—A girl with dreamy eyes and cherry lips.—JOHN BURCH.

WANTED:—A girl that knows how to manage a "*Hammer.*"—FRED HAMMER.

WANTED:—A dashing brunette.—JAMES CARMACK.

WANTED:—A girl with red hair.—DR. S. B. BROWN.

WANTED:—A "*Fair*" girl.—ED. KAYLOR.

WANTED:—A girl who can talk a blue streak.—M. COWAN.

WANTED:—A girl with heavenly blue eyes.—GUY PUGH.

WANTED:—A real cute girl.—WILL WALKER.

WANTED:—A damsel whose gentle voice and soft brown eyes would make one believe that an angel had abandoned its ethereal home to come down and live in her.—A. KNAVE.

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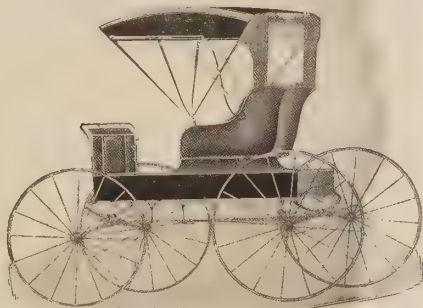
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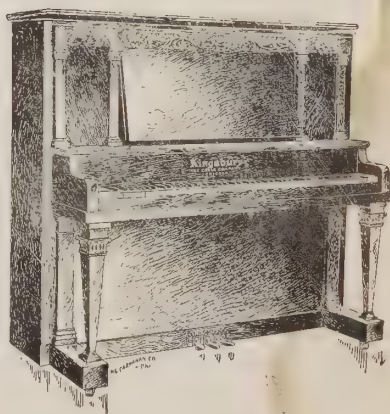
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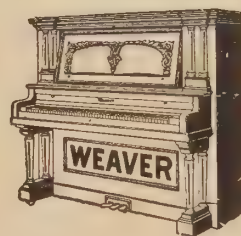
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